The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME IX | New York, Saturday, November 25, 1916 | Number 108

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FRANCIS JOSEPH is dead after a reign scarcely paralleled in history for its length, and for the vicissitudes which it has brought to him, his family, his dynasty and his country. As he dies the whole of Europe is fighting to decide whether the fabric of Hapsburg political power shall long survive him. The Hapsburg dominion is peculiar in that it has always been exerted not over a relatively homogeneous population, but over a group of people which included a large proportion of the nationalities of continental Europe. For a century the dynasty has been trying to check the increasing tendency to limit political allegiance by national bonds. It was thrown out of Germany because it opposed the aspirations of the German people for national unity. It was thrown out of Italy because it was opposed to the similar aspirations of the Italian people. Many Englishmen and Frenchmen conceive the most important political object of the present war to be a continuation of this work. The South Slavs, the Rumanians, the Gallician Poles and what remain of the Italians and even the Czechs, must also be emancipated from the bondage of Hapsburg rule. Perhaps, but the case is not proved, and the historical analogy is not complete. The Hungarians, also, sought to erect themselves into a national kingdom, but they finally decided to accept a federal alliance with the Austrians rather than expose themselves to the perils of isolated independence. It still remains an open question whether the South Slavs and the Balkan peoples generally would not keep a larger measure of freedom by allying themselves with the Hungarians and Austrians in a triple empire rather than accept the alternative of unchecked Russian suzerainty. Federalism may well constitute a more fundamental political principle than nationality, and the Hapsburg dynasty may survive as its most conspicuous incarnation.

TWENTY-EIGHT months the neutrals have seen horror piled on horror until it appeared that nothing could move them any longer. Yet to-day the story of the Belgian deportations has revived the exhausted anger of the American people. Experience has taught them to hesitate at accepting such tales at face value, as it has taught them that no nation has the absolute monopoly of tyrannous deeds. But the first excuses from Germany are a confession of guilt, and the informal protest of our State Department confirms the newspaper stories. The deportations show that even now the Germans do not understand neutral interest in Belgium, do not realize that Belgium has become a symbol of what has made the liberal world anti-German in this war. Fair-minded men know that other inoffensive peoples have suffered more bitterly than the Belgians; they know that the Belgian crime is the most spectacular but by no means the only international violation; they know that the Allies have a record not altogether clean. But they care deeply about Belgium because it represented the type of neutral state resting on international good faith without which civilization is at present unworkable. A wrong done to Bel-

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gium is measured not only by the sufferings of the Belgians but by the outraged faith of the neutral world.

NATURALLY Americans ask whether they can do anything now to stop the crime. A protest has been made, and its effect is not yet visible. What more can be done depends on the larger policy of our government. If the submarine war is found intolerable, and some intervention is planned, the wrong done American neutrality on the high seas can and should be bracketed with the wrongs done to neutral Belgium. But if the President decides on the bolder course, if he decides that the structure of international relations is being hopelessly damaged by those on both sides who propose to fight to the bitter end, then it would seem that the solution for particular questions like the Belgian is a move for a general peace. More and more the facts indicate that the only way to meet the insoluble issues of the war is to concentrate on an effort to end it.

AMONG the subjects of legislation at the short session of Congress, that of army reorganization is bound to be of critical importance. Although no complete report has been issued about the operations of the Hay bill, that ill advised measure has obviously failed to make the really needed improvements in the American military system. It has failed either to increase the size of the regular army or to provide for a sufficient reserve of trustworthy first-line and second-line troops. Under its provisions recruiting has fallen to a lower level than usual so that the number of enlisted men in the regular army is said to be smaller now than it was last May. The mobilization of the National Guard has proved with satisfactory finality the difficulties and impossibilities of federalizing the existing militia. If Congress really wishes to increase the regular army to approximately 200,000 men and to establish an immediate reserve of at least the same number of troops, it must in the first place induce American citizens to enlist by making service in the army, like service in the navy, sufficiently remunerative and, secondly, it must abandon any idea of using the state militia as part of the quickly available armed forces of the nation. If these lessons have been learned the Hay bill will be worth what it has cost.

ACCORDING to current rumors the Republicans of New York State are considering the repeal of the direct primary law and the return to the system of nominating candidates in party conventions. They are being urged to take this step by powerful influences within and without the party, and they will have no difficulty in finding many good reasons for the proposed action. All over the country, and in New York even more than elsewhere, the direct primary has failed to bring about the nomination of candidates who are free from machine dictation and are representative of better party opinion. Nevertheless we do not believe Republicans will have the hardihood merely to repeal the present law and reinstate the party caucus in power. There is no measure so unpopular in a democracy as one which takes away from the voters functions which they already exercise. By repealing the direct primary law the Republicans would be presenting the Democrats with an obvious and a dangerous issue—so much so that a man like Governor Whitman is not likely to take the risk. Moreover, the voters would be right in resenting the resurrection of the party convention. Direct primaries have not improved the quality of the party nominees under ordinary conditions, but when public opinion is aroused they afford an independent candidate a better opportunity of securing a nomination than does the caucus. When we remember the gross abuses which were associated with the caucus, its resurrection without any attempt to remedy its abuses would be at worst barefaced reaction and at best a counsel of despair. Direct primaries are mostly a failure, but they should remain until political lawgivers are prepared to substitute something better for them.

PERHAPS the most ominous aspect of the contemporary American politics is the prevailing attitude of helplessness and discouragement in the presence of the recognized and flagrant failures of state government. Only a few years ago reformers were alive to the practical breakdown of our state political institutions, and they were proposing plans of reorganization which included not merely the direct primary but the short ballot, executive initiative in legislation and various devices for keeping these more powerful agencies of government in closer connection with popular opinion. But the reforms, such as the direct primary and direct popular government, which were adopted, have not accomplished what was expected of them, and almost every attempt to secure the adoption of other reforms such as the short ballot and executive initiative in legislation which might have accomplished better results has failed. The advocates of state political reorganization are at a loss what to do. The state governments are passing on the whole a better quality of legislation than formerly, but in administration they are still drifting helplessly in an ocean of incompetence and

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waste. As state government is chiefly a matter of administration there is more ground for pessimism than complacency. Reformers have been definitely if not finally checked in their attempt to reorganize state and county political systems as successfully as they are reorganizing those of the cities; and their comparative failure in the larger work must be traced chiefly to the deeper infection of the state political organisms with the poison of the two-party system. The national parties are unable themselves to provide a responsible government for the states, and they have so far blocked every effort to adopt a substitute.

"BELGIUM," said John S. Sumner, Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, opposing birth control at a public discussion, "was an overpopulated country, and is it a coincidence that within the last two years Belgium has been devastated and her population scattered?" Of course Mr. Sumner did not stop there; the logic of his position led him to mention flood and pestilence as other correctives for too great fertility. Nor is this mere isolated obtuseness; Mr. Sumner was giving voice to the uncritical parlor Darwinism of the "survival of the fittest" type, which is still authentic science to many people, and to the very widely held belief that nature attends to the too presumptuous races. Ultimately, nature does attend to them. But surely the advocates of birth control are entitled to claim that what they propose is less an affront to nature than that reckless breeding which, according to Mr. Sumner himself, is always punished by the whips of flood, disease or war. Interference with these particular forms of "natural" selection has become the task of nine-tenths of the progressive and liberal people the world over. Posing as a glib apologist for the invasion of Belgium because of one's opposition to birth control is hardly an inspiring intellectual performance. The old-fashioned religious temper which found ingenious theological uses for the wrack and pain of the world here has a curious modern parallel.

THE capture of Monastir by the troops under the command of General Serrail gives something more than humorous point to the jest of an American newspaper writer: "Although the Serbians only make up about twenty per cent of the fighting force in Macedonia, they seem to be doing about eighty per cent of the fighting." The carrying of Hill 1212 by assault and the fighting at the Cerna bend—with the men sometimes up to their necks in mud and water—was of the desperate and heroic kind that marks the small Serbian force as composed of the most formidable soldiers in the Balkans. These soldiers had survived the death-swept Island of Corfu, the field of Kossovo, the agonies and spiritual anguish of the Great Retreat. They literally had nothing left but their hatred of the invaders. Also the entrance into the town must have stirred memories of the brilliant capture of Monastir in the Turkish war four years ago. Berlin already claims that the victory is largely of sentimental importance, and that by the evacuation of the town their defensive position is considerably strengthened. This is but partly true, although the capture of Monastir from a technically military point of view seems to be of little advantage. Continued Allied pressure on the Monastir plain may very well compensate for local success of the Central Powers in Transylvania and also draw off some of Mackensen's hard-pressed forces in Dobrudja. The real importance of the capture, however, lies in the effect on the Bulgarians. If Germany offered any special inducements to Ferdinand, probably Macedonia was the chief among them. To lose Monastir will mean every bit as much to the Bulgarians as the capture of Constanza. Monastir takes its rank with Verdun as one of the two Allied successes around which national emotion and human feeling are richly clustered.

AN issue of justice has been made before Governor Whitman of New York which ought to be noted by everyone interested in the course of justice in this country. A farmer was murdered in New York State nine months ago, and a reward was offered for the murderer. After a month's delay a farm-hand named Charles F. Stielow was arrested. A confession of guilt was soon made by him. He was duly tried and sentenced to death. Three facts connected with the case drew attention to it: first, the character of the activity of the private detective who received the reward and fee; second, an apparent deficiency of motive; third, the docile, suggestible, helpless, illiterate and mentally defective character of the condemned man. On the strength of these facts a struggle for this Stielow's life was undertaken, a struggle handicapped by the rules for "newly discovered" evidence. Seven times he was sentenced to die, and seven times execution was suspended. A short time back it looked as if the case could be cleared up because of a second confession, this time by a man named King. Whether or not influenced, King repudiated this confession and Stielow remained to be punished. His execution is now set for the week of December 11th, but a group of New York attorneys together with Spencer Miller, Jr., former deputy warden at Sing Sing, have prepared a strong statement which calls for the im-

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mediate attention of Governor Whitman. It is almost inconceivable that he will fail to use his constitutional power, in the interest of the law.

ONE of the minor personages of the nineteenth century was a man who called himself Sequaw. Sequaw was a human benefactor who toured all Europe in a band-wagon, distributing a wonderful elixir called Prairie Flower. This stuff was guaranteed to relieve any ache or pain whatsoever, and every town Sequaw visited bore testimony to his glory and the potency of Prairie Flower. The spirit in which Boston is now greeting Billy Sunday is essentially similar to the spirit in which villages used to greet the ringleted hero of the band-wagon. There is the same rumpus, the same eloquence, the same lack of mercenary consideration, the same art of collecting from the crowd, the same accumulation of converts and coin, the same excitement, the same partisanship after his departure. Of the two Billy Sunday has the better of it. Sequaw's lubricant was physical while Billy's is religious, and nothing can become so popular as a slick brand of religious Prairie Flower. Sunday's success in Boston may seem extraordinary to those who retain the traditional view of Boston. The clue to the actual Boston of to-day is given by its newspapers, which, with two exceptions, have the semblance of the noisy newspapers in rapidly-growing middle-western towns. Will Billy Sunday reach his typical unsophisticated public in New York early next year? Not if the New York newspapers keep the attitude they have established toward patent medicine.

IT is easier to estimate the judging power of censors if they pick out things to praise as well as things to condemn. Perhaps the new national board of movie censors, which may be one result of the Episcopal convention at St. Louis, will remember this and act on it. The House of Deputies remembered it. The resolution which the House passed, and which directs the church social commission to create a board of censors, does not confine itself to saying that some movies show "distorted views of affection, suggestions of lust and license, and details which combine to develop a school of crime." The resolution also praises other movies. The censors ought to do the same. Undistorted "views of affection" are rare in our movies, plays, short stories and novels. The worst scenes in all these are usually the love scenes. Scenes between those about to get engaged, illicit love scenes, wedded bliss scenes—nearly all, whether loud or quiet, are utterly toneless. Whenever anybody writes a tolerable love scene he deserves praise, just to remind him that he has a few spectators to whom not all love scenes look alike.

Moving Toward Peace

RUMORS that President Wilson intends shortly to take some positive action in favor of peace are prevalent and what is more, they are intrinsically probable. The time has come, if not for a settlement, at least for a show-down. And by a show-down we mean not only a clear statement by the several belligerents of the terms on which they will make peace, but also a clear statement by the major neutrals of the kind of peace which they are willing to guarantee. Public opinion throughout the civilized world both in neutral and belligerent nations needs above all to know the precise nature of the political objects for which each of the belligerents will insist upon continuing to fight. It needs to know also whether or not the readiness of the most powerful of neutral nations to participate on certain express terms in the waging of war or in the structure of peace will serve to appease the apparent irreconcilability of the attitude of the belligerents. More than any other man in the world President Wilson needs this knowledge; and better than any other man in the world he may be able by ploughing sufficiently deep to bring it to the surface.

Positive action by President Wilson in behalf of peace may not succeed in its immediate purpose. When the political objects of the several belligerents are defined they may prove to be so divergent that mediation by a neutral, no matter how powerful, will be insufficient to bridge the gulf. But President Wilson's action on behalf of peace is not likely to take the risk of complete failure which an offer of formal mediation would assuredly incur. What is needed is a frank discussion of the possible bases of peace, a thoroughgoing ventilation of the air-tight compartments in which so many Europeans are obliged perforce to live, such as could be obtained only by a general conference. A general conference would enable Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, and Americans to decide how far the different political objects for which the several governments are fighting can be justified. The liberals in every European country are starving for lack of the knowledge which would be furnished by such an assembly. As long as the political objects for which the fighting is being carried on remain undefined or are defined only in terms of national safety, the socialists in Germany and the liberals in France and Great Britain are unable to bring any effective criticism to bear on their own governments. Public opinion is fatally terrorized in nations which are, or believe themselves to be, fighting for their lives, and it cannot

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recover vitality until some rays of exact knowledge as to the proposed terms of peace are allowed to pierce the oppressive clouds of popular apprehension.

The need of Americans for a more exact definition of the objects of the belligerent governments is second only to that of the Europeans. We have not as yet been sucked into the war; but our government has been involved in ugly controversies with both the Allies and the Central Powers which compromise the interests or the safety of American citizens. These controversies have been accumulating since the beginning of the war, and as long as it lasts they are literally insoluble. Any action taken by the American government to vindicate American rights may have an important, if not a decisive, effect upon the success or failure of the hostile Powers and consequently upon the terms of peace. By insisting that the German submarines in the operations against merchant ships conform to the law of visit and search, the United States has already embarrassed the Germans in the prosecution of the war. By failing to insist upon respect for the trading rights of American citizens under international law the United States has already aided the Allies in the prosecution of the war. But this policy of benevolent neutrality is only a makeshift and will be broken by the stress of many more months of increasingly unscrupulous hostilities. The American government will either have to abandon any idea of protecting the interests and safety of its citizens, or it will have to make the means of protection more effective. The first of these alternatives would be obnoxious to every American who wants to see his country count for something in the affairs of the world. The second would inevitably involve some measure of belligerent liability. But if we may well be forced to fight, and if by fighting we contribute to the success of one of the two groups of belligerents, we have every reason to inquire what the actual results of the success accomplished by our aid are likely to be, and whether these results will contribute to those objects of national policy, in the interests of which we have assumed the risks and the costs of war.

Some positive action by President Wilson in favor of peace is consequently called for by the plain and pressing necessities of American national policy. A peace conference will enable him to avoid the threatened or the actual use of any weapons of retaliation against Great Britain, and will diminish or postpone the danger of a break with Germany over the submarine attack on commerce. If his intervention were to result in some kind of a settlement, he would, of course, be finding a solution for the more immediate difficulties of American foreign policy as an incidental result of having done something to stop the most destructive and bloodiest war in history. If, as is more likely, the first conference did not result in the restoration of peace, its discussions and the participation in them by the United States would have at least thrown up some of the materials out of which peace for the belligerents and either peace or war for the American nation must eventually be built. Every American interest and right compromised by the war needs for its vindication substantial national guaranties for a system of international law. A conference, by defining the terms on which the belligerents would make peace, would furnish our government with the means of deciding in what way and to what extent its participation in the war could be used to promote, not the national interests of the existing belligerents but the common interest in a more secure national order. THE NEW REPUBLIC is unable to understand how else this knowledge could be obtained and how in its default the American government could enter the war with any assurance of accomplishing the declared objects of its national policy.

By calling such a conference President Wilson would not, however, be merely asking the European nations to define their peace terms for the benefit of the United States. He would be affording to the belligerents a salutary opportunity of promoting the result which they all profess to desire—the result of preventing future aggression by organizing against it. They seem to need some outside assistance in order to make any advance towards the construction of this indispensable foundation of a community of nations. Probably the world would never have appreciated how necessary it has become to organize against aggression and in behalf of security, unless this or some similarly destructive war had been fought, but the danger is now that the terrible means which the European nations have had to adopt will divert them from the all-important end. The end can never be promoted merely by war. The longer they fight the more powerless they may become to accomplish it at all. Every additional month of hostilities carries them further along the slippery descent of retaliation and intensifies their mutual suspicions. If this war is really to result in an organization against war, the harvest must be gathered soon or the grain will wither and rot. The belligerents are in danger of losing all possibility of fruitful contact with one another. Some outsider is needed to step in and restore a medium of communication which will enable them to submit candidly to hostile or disinterested examination of the terms for which fighting can continue to be justified. Under the circumstances, that

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outsider can only be the American government, and it is entitled to make the attempt not only because of the compromised rights of American citizens, but because it stands ready to guarantee with its own military, naval and commercial power any organization which will give a sanction to international law and substance to the security of both large and small nations.

An Ineffective Remedy

WHEN President Wilson announced his railroad program at the end of August and asked Congress for the Adamson act, he opened a new era of intervention by the government. That the program was hastily adopted, that it had failed of adequate critical discussion, will not be denied even by those who earnestly believe that the President was right in seeking by almost any means to avert the strike, and that the means he did choose were sound in their intention. Apart from the fact that the President's action saved the country from a civil calamity, renewed the confidence of organized labor in the national government, and started an educational propaganda for a standard working day, the course he pursued had this value: it introduced the government into a great labor controversy not merely as a policeman or a pious missionary, but as the active and decisive influence. Whatever happens to the Adamson law, a principle has been set going which says that the final decision about hours and wages on railroads is not to be left to bargaining which breaks into violence, but is to be made and enforced by the federal government.

The crisis of last August showed that the labor and capital of the railroads were incapable of composing their differences alone, that the government and public opinion was so ignorant of the issues and the vast technical complication that, with the best will, it could not intervene wisely. The President expressed the temper of the country when he said that such a situation must never be allowed to appear again. But in choosing an instrument for remedying the condition he made himself sponsor for a method which is certain to prove unworkable. A law for compulsory investigation before a railroad strike is the kind of law which expresses a good intention though it ignores the facts.

It is intended to prevent the calling of a sudden strike or a lockout, in order to gain time for public opinion to crystallize. But a national railroad strike is never ordered without warning, and could not be. The crisis of August was foreseen months and months ahead, and the public had all the time it needed to form an opinion. What the public did not have was a trustworthy agent from which to take the facts or a satisfactory method of carrying out a decision. This defect cannot be remedied by an investigating body which sits and hears argument, but which has no power to enforce its judgments.

Suppose the judgment goes against the management? Whose responsibility will it be to see that the judgment is carried out? Whose business will it be to make certain that a principle established by public opinion is not frittered away in administration? Public opinion is clearly incapable of watching the details of such a vast process, and all that labor would have to rely upon would be its own power to strike. But the added delay imposed by the law, by enabling the management to mobilize strike-breakers, practically destroys the power to strike. The proposal therefore emasculates the union without substituting an adequate public agency for it.

From every point of view compulsory arbitration is preferable to compulsory investigation, for under arbitration there is at least some guaranty that the award will be carried out. But neither arbitration nor investigation really meets the issue. Neither of them recognizes the truth that it is as impractical to determine wages and hours by spasmodic investigation as it was to determine rates by that method. The country has learned from long experience that the rate problem could not be met by going to a court and securing a decision, that only a continuing expert body with affirmative power to make rates could keep abreast of the enormous complexity of the question.

So it is with hours and wages. To leave their determination to private bargaining, to permit the two sides to organize into solid hostile groups, and then try to cut the Gordian knot by an active investigation or arbitration is to make trouble, not to cure it. No board of investigation or arbitration can possibly retain its grip on the problem, if it has to wait until a quarrel has developed and both sides are standing on eternal principles and claiming all sorts of " rights."

The way out is for the government to take the initiative and fix wages and hours on its own responsibility. This alone will make possible continuous contact with the problem, and eliminate the unscientific method of blanket awards, of wages and hours fixed by consideration of power and strategic advantage rather than by social needs and economic conditions. The government must take the initiative or suffer the results. By taking the initiative it can, by proper discrimination between classes or employees and by territorial alignments, prevent a solid aggregation of either management or employees. Its decisions will have the force of law. But in weakening the power to

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strike, the government will not be guilty of leaving the workers helpless, for the government would enforce the decision. The problem which would then be presented to labor would be that of keeping the government liberal in spirit and sensitive to the facts.

Above all, this method should appeal to the good sense of the country because it does away with the anomaly by which the rates, hours, and wages are fixed by separate methods instead of being treated as an organically related set of facts. Clearly the cost of labor and the return for service are functions of the same variable. They have a reciprocal relationship which it is unscientific to ignore, and the chaos of railroad conditions cannot be reduced until their financial administration is coördinated. With the federal government fixing rates, establishing service, with forty-eight state commissions introducing discordant local issues, with another helter-skelter investigating body leaving wages and hours up in the air, with Congress occasionally issuing decrees to meet special situations, it is hardly remarkable that we have a railroad problem.

The whole system is jerry-built, a rambling unplanned structure which breaks down continually at important junctures. It cannot be saved by adding hastily another ramshackle annex known as compulsory investigation. Unless the administration will see that the condition revealed last August is an integral part of the general disintegration of private management, it will merely confuse the question still further. By accepting the principle that hours and wages should be fixed in conjunction with rates, it will have done much to create that nationalized railroad organization which must in the near future supplant the friction and deadlock in the semi-private, semi-public no man's land of railroad responsibility.

Robert Grosvenor Valentine

ONE day last week death suddenly and casually interrupted the work of Robert Valentine. He had been Indian Commissioner under Roosevelt and Taft, had taken part in the Progressive movement of 1912. But the interest of his life was centered in the profession which he created. He called himself an industrial counselor, and was engaged in establishing a sounder method of dealing with labor controversies. His larger plans were about to mature, the opportunity for a full test of his ideas had been won, his own novitiate was over, when senselessly, capriciously so it seems now, he was stricken. But at least he had found a way, before it was too late, of admitting others to his insight. He had educated a devoted following, and through them his work must now be renewed and transmitted.

He indicated to them a fresh approach to the fever and tangle of industrial relations. Valentine had learned by intimate analyses of many factories and stores and labor unions that more rational dealing with industrial conflict is prevented because the passion of both sides is morbidly congested in haphazard slogans and partisan misinformation. He acted as father confessor to employers, public officials, labor leaders; he served on a minimum-wage board in Massachusetts; he was Mayor Mitchel's confidential adviser during the first part of the traction strike, and just before he died he completed a report on one of the confused needle industries in New York. Experience taught him that most industrial controversies are a tumult in the dark, waged by employers who do not know the elements of their labor problems and by workingmen ground into suspicion. He saw that manager and employee were the victims of uncorrected prejudice, shouting, demanding, claiming, resisting, without instrument or technique for discriminating between the essentials and the trivialities of the conflict.

In studying the resistance of organized labor to scientific management, Valentine came to see that the objection lay not so much in the thing itself as in the fact that it was introduced by the employer and for his own advantage. He saw the real difficulty was that labor had no control over the new technique, and consequently had just cause for distrusting it. In one factory he proved his point by organizing scientific management under the joint supervision of the union and the employer. He had imagination to grasp that if industry was to be standardized and made still more subtly analytical, the "scientific" leadership cannot be left entirely to the manager. The central laboratory of a workshop, the place where time-studies are made and standards fixed should be as free as possible from partisan control. Only when all concerned had been represented, only when all concerned felt that the setting of tasks was impersonal and objective, could the mistrust be removed.

It was from this experiment that Valentine drew the cardinal idea of his later work, and through it he developed the insight which is his contribution to social science. He insisted always and everywhere that no progress was possible until both sides and the public could draw their facts from uncontaminated sources. When he was called to diagnose an industry, he would begin by what he called an industrial audit. It was as accurate a survey as he could make, with the help of efficiency engineers and accountants, of the existing facts underlying the difficulty. His next move was to

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create permanent machinery in the industry for making the audit continuous, so that everyone concerned could test his opinions and his grievances against a body of ascertained facts, against what Valentine loved to call "the brass tacks of the situation." Experience showed that once such machinery was created, and accepted as authoritative, both sides began to drop rhetoric and talk business. Instead of permitting unions and manufacturers to argue till they were angry whether one kind of stitch was more difficult than another, Valentine would set up a test machine with a test worker under controlled conditions, and give a demonstration. He did not accept the guess of either side.

The introduction of objective standards into collective bargaining is Valentine's great contribution. Unhesitatingly one may say that no matter how short the distance he was permitted to travel, Robert Valentine was moving along the high road. Not only for the relationship of labor and capital, but for all the aspects of government, his insight holds. Without a disinterested inquiry to which all parties can appeal, our democracy must welter forever in its own prejudices and confusion. In a particular field, without many theoretical preconceptions, immersed every day in practical negotiation, Valentine had hold of the largest truth which inspires the experiment under which he lived. He testified splendidly to the fact that opinion based on class feeling, drawn from motives unanalyzed, breeds tyranny and disorder, that science is the only method of thought through which democracy can be made workable.

The New Situation in Suffrage

THE bland manner is extremely useful in some difficult situations, social and political, and it is as foolish to criticize a man for employing it as it would be to criticize a photographer for working in a dim light. The bland manner enables a physician to pursue his treatment without defining its object too clearly, often the condition of success. But there are other situations where the attempt to deal in sedatives is peculiarly unsuitable. There are demands that cannot justly or wisely be kept in abeyance, situations that ask for the utmost directness, clarity and candor, that require a meeting of wills. To fail to meet such situations is the temptation of all politicians and it is a capital political offense.

The two main parties were of one mind last June in regard to woman suffrage, if it can be called a mind. They thought they could dispose of the issue by administering a dose of sedative. It was characteristic of the politician's mind for Mr. Roosevelt to suggest Henry Cabot Lodge, an anti-suffragist, as the nominee of a Progressive convention that itself had just endorsed unqualified franchise. Mr. Roosevelt showed the respect in which he held that Progressive endorsement of suffrage. When it came to the action of the sure-enough Republicans it was Senator Lodge himself who read the denatured Republican resolution on suffrage and read it with his tongue in his cheek. Later on there was to be pious testimony by Mr. Hughes, an appeal for salvation by faith without any assurance of good works, but the really graphic action was the action of the party as a whole. The convention whose nomination Mr. Hughes accepted threw a contemptuous sop to the woman suffragists. The Republican leaders knew that the women of one quarter of the states were to cast a vote for President, and they yielded to the urgency of a Westerner like Senator Borah up to the point of admitting the "principle." But it was cynically admitted, for the sake of placating voters, not for the sake of guaranteeing action. The suffrage plank was a shelf.

With a plank precisely similar Mr. Wilson equipped the Democratic convention, and during the campaign he took occasion to address the woman suffrage convention at Atlantic City in the spirit of this earlier tepid recommendation. It is not fair to make too much of Mr. Wilson's merely verbal tricks. He is the kind of man who can say, "it is delightful to fight the things that are wrong," and yet be anything but a nerveless idealist. But it is undoubtedly true that he has the habit of blurring an indecisive position by a clever diffusion of words and of compelling his unhappy audience to grope after his uncertain figure in what amounts to a bright verbal fog. From the center of such a fog, as distinguished at any rate from a burning bush, he spoke to the suffragists on suffrage. He was with them, he told them, but he confessed to a "little impatience" as to their anxiety about method. He consolingly implied that all would be well in the end. This confession of "impatience" with the vital agitation of method was equivalent, of course, to an impatience with the vital agitation of woman suffrage. It showed with utter distinctness that his assent to woman suffrage was perfunctory, that he had decided to carry suffrage in stock as part of his duty as a practical political tradesman, but that he had at best a vague, benign feeling about it, and no conviction whatever that woman suffrage was creating a national situation which called for thorough sincerity, nerve and will.

Yet but for woman suffrage, to which he tepidly assents, Mr. Wilson would not have been continued in the White House. If the choice of Mr. Wilson was a wise choice, it was due to the women

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more particularly than the men. Mr. Wilson may privately consider that he would have imperiled his solid South if he had pushed the suffrage issue hard. Perhaps he would. But it should open his eyes to the consequences of the extension of the franchise that his election was determined by his margin in the doubtful suffrage states. Is the extension of the franchise a negligible, an unimportant consideration? Mr. Wilson can afford to be less impatient with the practical issue now.

Whether or not Mr. Wilson is to go on regarding woman suffrage as a foible, the election has revealed a new national situation in respect to it, one which professional politicians did not reckon on, which the standpatters of Georgia and South Carolina and Texas and the rest have never contemplated, which the leaders in Congress have hardly had time to grasp. The balance of power, so far as Congress is concerned and so far as the rival parties are concerned in national politics, is conceivably in women's hands. The women in the suffrage states, that is to say, can be expected and must be expected to turn the balance in 1918 and 1920, and the principal factor in their decision is likely to be the party record on the federal suffrage amendment.

To offer this as a threat is one way of playing politics. The deeper force of the argument lies in the probability of such a choice by the women, regardless of any direct appeal to them in validation of a threat. Other issues may intervene to distract the votes of women, to send one group in the Republican direction and another canceling group in the Democratic direction at the same time. But the issue of suffrage is absolutely certain to have more prominence now than ever. It is nearer the center of the arena of practical politics. The more prominence it has, the more the women who vote are likely to register their favor or disfavor in regard to a candidate's suffrage record and his party's suffrage policy. No party that refuses to meet the suffrage issue in the open can hope for victory in a pivotal quarter of the states in the Union.

In 1917 the Susan B. Anthony amendment comes up in Congress. Parties as well as candidates may expect to be put on record in this amendment campaign. No suffragist contends against getting parties on record but there are many arguments against attempting to punish any recalcitrant party by campaigning against it. The chief dispute relates to winning suffrage state by state. It turns on the danger of lining-up any given party against woman suffrage and also lays stress on the exigency of bringing into disfavor good suffragists who support woman suffrage in Congress, while still belonging to a party that refuses to adopt the issue. There is point in all these arguments. For the suffragists to condense the opposition to their issue might prove singularly unfortunate, considering that a federal amendment requires the support of all of one party and a large proportion of the other, considering also that three-quarters of the states are still non-suffrage states. But the popular sentiment for woman suffrage in the United States is great enough to justify the espousal of the suffrage cause by one or other of the great parties, and the suffragists have a right to compel each party in turn to consider their claims to its support. The politicians of either party may hope to condense opposition against the other in case the federal amendment is made a party issue. But the wiser politicians fear the outspoken and whole-hearted adoption of suffrage by their rivals. They know the hope of condensing opposition is vain. The suffrage leaders ought to revise their non-partisan policy sufficiently to avail of this party condition and make the rivals bid for their support. Each party now needs the suffragists, and each party knows it. There are enough men voters in both parties who believe in the justice of extending the franchise to keep opposition from solidifying, especially since one quarter of the states have such singular punitive power.

To force the punitive argument is not considered good-natured, and American politics pretends to be good-natured. But is it good-natured to exclude women from active citizenship? The politicians who feel impatience with women for wishing to hasten their hour of grown-up participation in a grown-up world may decline to face this question. If they do decline to face it they should be compelled to measure the penalties of evasion; and practical penalties should be heavily attached to this feebleness of democratic will.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1916, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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How California Was Lost

TO say that the Democrats won California is a perversion of terms. What really happened was that the Republicans lost the state, and thereby, as matters turned out, the nation. When, after the conventions, the Progressives of California under the leadership of Governor Johnson decided, however sullenly, to return to the Republican ranks, no one doubted that Hughes would carry the state. The Republicans held the cards. They had only to refrain from extreme bungling, but this they failed to do. And the blame rests partly with the leaders of the Old Guard faction, who were willing to risk the defeat of Hughes if thus they might settle scores with Johnson. In part the blame rests with Hughes, who chose to direct his action while in California according to the traditions of political correctness instead of the canons of commonsense.

In no other state of the Union have party lines been so badly shattered, in recent years, as in California. "Republican" and "Democrat" mean hardly anything in the politics of the state. The distinction that really signifies is that which is drawn between the machine, supported by the great corporations and the wide-open interests, and the reformers, who have had much their own way for the last six years, under the powerful leadership of Governor Johnson. A study of votes in the legislature during this period will show the machine members of the several parties coöperating harmoniously, and what is much more remarkable, Republican, Democratic and Progressive reformers working faithfully together. The relaxation of party ties is not less obvious in the general electorate. The "Progressive" following that reëlected Johnson governor in 1914 with a vote exceeding by 72,000 the combined votes of his Republican and Democratic opponents, was mostly made up of Republicans and Democrats. At all events, the preceding primaries had shown a registration of 388,000 Republicans, 206,000 Democrats and only 184,000 Progressives. In 1912 Wilson had lacked less than 200 votes of carrying the state, in spite of the fact that a part of the Democratic vote had gone to Roosevelt. But this loss had been greatly overbalanced by the old-line Republicans, who sought to carry the state for Wilson to punish the Progressives for keeping the Taft electors off the ballot. Party regularity is obviously not a force to be counted on in California. About all that is now certain is the immense popularity of Johnson with the majority and the undying hatred of him among the Old Guard.

Into this chaos of personal politics Mr. Hughes was prompted by his evil genius to inject himself and his conventional ideas of what is politically correct. He found the state in the midst of an exciting primary contest. Johnson, a registered Progressive, was seeking the senatorial nomination at the hands of the Republicans. It was an irregular proceeding; he might with equal propriety have sought the Democratic nomination—and the chances are that he could have had it. For the time being, Johnson obviously had no standing with the Republican organization. The organization leaders were straining every effort to prevent him from capturing their party. Their situation was really hopeless; this any one not blinded by hatred of Johnson could see. Doubtless Mr. Hughes saw it. No sooner had he crossed the state line than he was forced to choose between Johnson and his enemies. Johnson had the strength; his enemies had the regularity, and of course Mr. Hughes chose the latter.

And so the California Progressive voters, the most irreconcilable and self-willed of American citizens, were treated to the spectacle of a triumphal tour of the state by Crocker, Keesling, De Young and Harrison Gray Otis, with the Republican candidate in tow. Every morning newspaper was spreading before them the joyously smiling face of Mr. Hughes, in a group composed of the very men whom they have fought for a decade, and whom they have ruthlessly punished through the last six years. Johnson's face appeared in none of these groups, though it would have saved California to Hughes. Not only did Hughes evince no desire to meet Johnson—in public—he did not even find occasion to allude to the remarkable progress in good government under Johnson. So far as Hughes appeared to be concerned, California Progressivism did not exist. It would not have been fair to his Old Guard hosts to increase Johnson's chances of victory in the Republican primaries by recognizing him or his work.

Mr. Hughes was governed in his action by principles no doubt sufficiently lofty. But his managers should never have permitted a candidate with such principles to come to California, where they were sure to be misunderstood. Men recalled the visit of Taft to California in 1910, when Heney was struggling to secure a popular mandate for the continuance of the graft prosecutions in San Francisco. Taft was dined and fêted by the same reactionary group now surrounding Hughes. Patrick Calhoun, under indictment, was guest at a Taft

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banquet; Francis Heney, who had worked with Taft when the latter was in the Cabinet, was ignored. What if Hughes were just a Taft brought down to date? This suspicion, however groundless, cost votes.

As matters turned out, Johnson had no need of Hughes's recognition. He carried the Republican primaries and assured himself of election to the Senate: all that remained to be determined was the size of his majority. In his personal campaign, conducted without the acceptance of aid from the Republican treasury, he made Hughes's cause his own. It is not true that Johnson's advocacy of Hughes was lukewarm or perfunctory, as his enemies assert. Johnson's proof of the progressive character of Hughes's record as governor and jurist was quite the most cogent the writer has ever heard. It appears to be true that Johnson abstained from extreme attacks upon President Wilson. This has been explained on the ground that Johnson did not wish to offend the large number of Democrats in his own following. Perhaps; but Johnson has never been averse to giving offense where his convictions are involved.

It is of course impossible to say whether Johnson's advocacy of Hughes made many votes. The California vote is not easily delivered. Johnson's enmity to certain state officers has not had sufficient influence to defeat them; his expressions of loyalty to Hughes could not be expected to win back the support of Progressives who labored under the grievance that Hughes had snubbed them in Johnson's person. It is worth noting that in San Francisco, where a heavy labor vote is inclined to follow Johnson through thick and thin, the Wilson majority fell short by many thousands of the forecasts of the political wiseacres. The Hughes majority in Los Angeles considerably exceeded the San Francisco majority for Wilson. The country districts elected Wilson. And this is the same vote that originally broke the machine. Accordingly it seems absurd to impute Republican defeat to any other cause than the apparent identification of the machine with the Hughes cause. Johnson can be blamed only for failing to undo all the mischief wrought by the ill considered action of the Old Guard and of Hughes himself.

It is unfortunate that we cannot know certainly what influence woman suffrage exerted upon the California election. It may be plausibly argued that since the political traditions of the women voters are less ancient, and therefore probably less fixed, than those of the men, the women have been affected more deeply by the currents of opinion setting against Hughes since his California campaign. Before the election, local political forecasters saw a majority for Hughes, provided the women proved as accountable as the men. Since the election, such fragmentary observations as are to be had all point to greater Wilson strength among the women than among the men. The divergence cannot be great, but in a vote of nearly one million it might easily account for a plurality of less than four thousand. Similarly, it would be interesting, if possible, to determine the influence of the Adamson law. All we can know is that in precincts in which railway labor is strongly represented the Wilson vote was unprecedentedly heavy. The trainmen were unquestionably aroused by Hughes's attack upon the law. There are seven thousand of them, and these with their wives and relatives might easily have turned the balance. In so close an election almost any compact interest may claim credit for the margin of victory. What is significant is the force that destroyed an originally almost overwhelming Hughes preponderance in the state. And this force was the unabated vitality of Progressivism and its resistance to efforts apparently aimed at its suppression.

ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

Abuse of the Franking Privilege

THERE is an extravagance of free speeches in the Congress of the United States. Everything that a member of Congress does not say may be printed at the expense of the public, and franked over the country in unlimited quantities by courtesy of the same prodigal treasury. The practice has become a national nuisance. It should be included among the abuses which advocates of economy and efficiency, so numerous in an election year, propose to eradicate.

Misuse of the *Congressional Record* for personal and political purposes is unfortunately of such long standing that it seldom arouses serious comment. When official reporting verbatim was instituted in 1873 it was expected that the *Record* would be a report of what actually takes place in Congress. It has long since ceased to be anything of the kind. By obtaining "leave to print" a member may have inserted in the *Record* speeches and other matter not delivered on the floor of either house. The growth of this practice has been viewed with tolerance because the increased size of the two houses has made it difficult if not impossible for each member to express the reasons for his attitude on public questions in the course of the debates. The privilege has been so generally abused that the *Record* has become almost everything that such a publication ought not to be.

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The *Congressional Record* contains thousands of speeches that were never delivered. One of Senator La Follette's addresses is reported in 365 pages, of which only seven were actually heard in the Senate. The cost of printing this single speech has been estimated at more than twelve thousand dollars. Thousands of speeches printed in the *Record* were neither heard in Congress nor in any way connected with anything that Congress had under consideration. They have been printed solely for use as campaign documents. Not long ago, when a bill to codify laws relating to the judiciary was before the House, Congressman Powers filled ten closely printed pages with praise of himself and denunciation of his rival in the eleventh Kentucky district. Congressman Lafferty of Oregon has recently contributed to the *Record* a series of political handbills bearing such edifying titles as "'Edgar Buncombe' Piper and 'Confidence Slippery' Jackson — Twin Newspaper Bosses Now on the Job—'Portland Nuisance' But Tail to *Oregonian* Kite, While *Evening Telegram* Remains Passive." There are thousands of reprints from newspapers and periodicals. The editorial attacks of the Washington *Herald* on the income-tax law, James Hay's article entitled "The War Terror" from the Washington *Sunday Star,* and an article from the *Cosmopolitan* describing the distinguished public career of Senator William Alden Smith "From Newsboy to Senate" are examples of a large part of the *Record's* content. A mass of literature that is already in print in more accessible form has been reprinted at great expense in volumes calculated in every important respect to be useless both to the investigator and the general reader. Titles selected at random from a recent volume of the *Record* include Henry George's "How to Destroy the Rum Power," Governor Ferguson's first message to the Texas legislature, a report to the shareholders of the Cambria Steel Company, and Carl Schurz on "Peace and War." Long tables of statistics from the Census Reports, extracts from books, and sometimes whole books reappear in the *Record,* jumbled into a miscellanea that includes a flamboyant discourse on "The Outlook for Prosperity," an article on the jitney bus, a patriotic poem written "by the wife of a Civil War veteran of my district," and a brief sustaining the claim that Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole.

The misuse of the *Congressional Record* is closely related to the abuse of the franking privilege. The franking privilege has been established by law for a great many years. Members of Congress receive no allowance for postage, but they are permitted to send and receive free through the mails all correspondence relating to official or departmental business, all public documents printed by order of Congress, and garden seeds provided for free distribution by the Department of Agriculture. This privilege is extended until the first day of December following the expiration of a member's term of office. It applies of course to the *Record,* any part of which may be mailed free.

Thousands of public documents would never be printed if they could not be franked. A vast quantity of irrelevant matter is incorporated in the *Record* for no other reason than the fact that it may be reprinted in unlimited quantities and distributed as public documents at public expense. Cases are constantly arising in which the spirit of the law with reference to the franking privilege, and frequently its letter, are flagrantly violated. "By far the greatest misuse of the privilege," according to the Postmaster General's report for 1914, "results from the transmission under frank, as public documents or as parts of the *Congressional Record,* of documents which have been changed or added to and are circulated for political purposes." Several months after his term had expired Mr. Hobson franked broadcast over the country copies of a letter advocating prohibition. It seems clear that his use of the free mailing privilege to circulate this letter was in violation of law. It is possible that the circulation by another Congressman of blank petitions, to be filled in and mailed to Representatives urging them to support a preparedness resolution, was regarded as a part of the Congressman's official business. Two years ago there came to me from the chairman of one of the Congressional campaign committees, under his own frank, a collection of pamphlets printed as campaign documents. The inclosure of two short extracts from the *Record* gave his performance a faint tinge of legality. Similar illustrations might be multiplied almost without limit.

It is not an uncommon practice for members of Congress to loan their frank for purposes that are wholly private. The vice-president of the Cotton Growers Coöperative Society admitted recently that most of the society's printed matter was circulated on the frank of Congressman Howard. When the late alteration of the sugar customs was pending thirty-two sugar charts were printed as a public document, as part of a pamphlet which had no reference to any governmental activity and was no part of the Senate records. The pamphlet was circulated under the frank of a leading Republican senator, the cost of the envelopes alone amounting to more than fifteen hundred dollars. The Postmaster General reports that "in a single in-

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stance recently investigated by the department there were circulated under frank more than 300,000 pamphlets devoted to the interests of one of the country's great industries, on which postage amounting to $57,600 should have been paid." According to the report of the House Committee on Printing:

> Millions upon millions of franked envelopes, supplied free to members of Congress for their own use, have been turned over to private organizations to conduct mail campaigns for certain purposes. It has been no uncommon thing for some member to order several hundred thousand, or even a million, franked envelopes, and then send the entire lot to a committee or organization having no connection whatever with the government, for its use in the mailing of certain extracts from the *Congressional Record* or public documents that may also have been printed in its behalf at the expense of the government.

Misuse of the *Record* and the abuse of the free mailing privilege are not matters of trivial consequence. The burden which they impose upon the public treasury cannot be reckoned. If the resulting increase in the cost of public printing alone could be estimated the totals would be staggering. Add $250,000 for free garden seeds and millions for the cost of the Post Office Department's services, and the total figures will challenge the attention of anyone who believes sincerely in public economy.

The free transportation of so-called official mail is one of the numerous services rendered by the Post Office Department of which no account is kept. According to a recent report of the Postmaster General:

> During the fiscal year 1912 more than 300,000,000 pieces of mail, having an aggregate weight of about 61,000,000 pounds, were carried by the postal service free of charge under the franks of congressmen and of the various government establishments. If postage at the usual rates had been paid on this matter, the postal revenues would have been increased by more than $20,000,000, a sum that is several times greater than the expense incurred on account of the postal service by other departments of the government, such as the free quartering of certain post offices in federal buildings. It is manifestly unfair to give the Post Office Department no credit in the government's fiscal accounts for an item of expense so tremendous as that resulting from the present extensive use of the franking privilege.

It is submitted that in the interest of exact public accounting, if for no other reason, a different system ought to be devised.

It is regrettable that these practices should have been permitted to destroy practically all the value which the *Congressional Record* might otherwise have for the investigator and the general reader. It is most unfortunate of all that they should be allowed to help nourish that want of confidence in legislatures which is always a menace to representative government.

EDWIN D. DICKINSON.

The Native Problem in Mexico

IN spite of the large number of discussions relating to Mexico published within the last few years, no adequate presentation of the native problem in that war-ridden country has yet appeared. How important a proper understanding of this question is, perhaps only those who have lived in Mexico, especially the southern part of that country, will understand.

The native problem in Mexico is peculiarly complex because it presents entirely different aspects in different parts of the country. It is quite meaningless to speak of a certain percentage of pure Spanish or mixed Indian or pure Indian blood, for, apart from the fact that we have no even approximately adequate manner of determining the degree of race mixture, the cultural lines do not coincide with those of race. The essential point we will have to bear in mind is that the concept of Indian should be extended to include all those whose plane of thought is Indian.

There is little similarity between the Mexican Indian problem and our own. Only a few of the tribes, notably the Yaquis of Sonora and the "wild" tribes of Quintana Roo, Yucatan, have been comparatively uninfluenced by European culture. In all probability their fate will be the same as that of our own Indians, although the process will be much slower. For the present, apart from the inconvenience occasioned by their periodic raids and forays, they are of little consequence and can hardly be said to add much to the inherent difficulties of the native problem.

The native problem becomes acute the further south we travel. Over a large part of northern and northeastern Mexico, Chihuahua, San Luis Potosi, Tamaulipas, Jalisco, etc., the inhabitants, while probably possessing a large admixture of Indian blood, have almost entirely forgotten their native tongues and customs. If any part of Mexico can be called hispanized it is this part. The moment, however, we approach Queretaro the situation changes radically. From here to the

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Guatemalan border we are in the presence of Indian-speaking people, in some of whose villages it is only with the greatest difficulty that a person can get along with Spanish. A few officials in every village will always be found who speak a creditable Castilian. Certain villages, of course, are more conservative than others, and generally speaking the further distant they are from some large center, the less Spanish is spoken, although this does not always hold true, for some of the most conservative pueblos are found within the vicinity of Mexico City and Oaxaca, Oaxaca.

At present there are more than two million people speaking Aztec, the language of Montezuma, differing only in negligible details from the dialect spoken when Cortez landed; probably more than half a million speak Zapotec or related languages; and a number of millions speak Maya, not to mention the less important idioms. It is this multiplicity of tongues that constitutes one of the most important problems that Mexico has to meet and which forms one of the greatest obstacles to her unity. The Mexicans have realized this for some time and have made attempts to develop an educational system in which Spanish would be used exclusively. It was hoped that if a sufficiently large number of young Indians could be attracted to the larger normal schools, they might subsequently return to their native homes and teach Spanish at their local schools. This at best was admittedly a slow process. At the present time the number of Spanish teachers is hopelessly inadequate. To the vast majority of Indians in southern Mexico, Spanish is an alien language, the tongue of the conquerors, and learned if at all to expedite the business which brings them to the larger centers on market days.

Apart from the strong emotional ties that bind the Indian to his mother-tongue, the native is kept from using Spanish by the fact that the important languages of Mexico can be said to possess a literature. This is, it is true, hybrid in nature, relating mainly to Catholicism. The early Spanish missionaries were assiduous students, and immediately upon their arrival learned the native Indian tongues and taught the Indians how to write their own languages in Spanish orthography. As a result we find numerous translations of sections of the Old and New Testaments, the confessional, and Christmas plays. Later on we find translations into Indian of secular literature, notably Aesop's fables. In some places local printers have even published the popular Indian folklore. A country where it is found expedient to print the constitution in different Indian languages thereby admits that these tongues are not mere vernaculars spoken by a negligible portion of the people, but real languages claiming an equality with Spanish. Indeed, it is the writer's impression that not only are these native idioms not dying out, but that they are showing a surprising vitality. In the district of Tehuantepec, for instance, the native idiom had been greatly contaminated by Spanish, but within recent years a number of teachers have sprung up who are seeking to teach the younger generation of Tehuanos a purer Tehuano. Another interesting phenomenon is the displacement of some of the smaller Indian languages not by Spanish, but by one of the more important native idioms.

It is needless to add that where the native languages exhibit such tenacity and virility, some of the old specifically Indian customs and characteristics have also survived. This is particularly true of the Indians of Oaxaca, Chiapas, Yucatan, parts of Guerrero and Vera Cruz. In Oaxaca, for instance, every pueblo has its distinctive characteristics, most of them specializing in certain industries, like charcoal-burning, lime-making and mining. The villagers can also be distinguished by the manner of their dress, especially by the type of sombrero, belt and moccasin. Of greater significance is the fact that all these Indians have inherited certain characteristics from their highly civilized ancestors, like the Aztecs, Zapotecs and Mayas, which are difficult to eradicate and which play an important rôle in economic questions. Often feuds are inherited and become the nucleus for small revolutions. In the immediate vicinity of the city of Oaxaca it is by no means infrequent to find pueblos fighting about boundary disputes probably antedating the Spanish conquest.

Lastly, it is of importance to inquire into the attitude taken by the southern Indians toward the official Spanish civilization. If it is difficult for an outsider only slightly acquainted with the southern Indians to understand the reasons for their marked hatred of the Spaniard and the Catholic Church as an institution, it seems self-evident to anyone who has spent any time with them. To the southern Indians, the Spaniard and his successor the Spanish-speaking Mexican is the cruel alien conqueror. They feel that they are Indians and that Mexico is an Indian country. For instance, one of the common objections to Madero encountered in Oaxaca was that he was not an Indian and the president of Mexico should be an Indian. This attitude is significant, and it is not strange to find even a northern Indian like Huerta proudly exclaiming, "Yo soy Indiano." Carranza's lack of popularity in the south is not so much due to the fact that southern Mexico is the home of Diaz as to the fact that Carranza is not an Indian.

PAUL RADIN.

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A Business Man in Politics

PARTRIDGE is the only friend I have whose observations on ordinary affairs are considered to have a news value. For a long time, in fact, that was the only way I knew him. He was a newspaper legend, one of the half dozen inevitable commentators on successive business crises and the legislation that was designed to meet them. From a position of unassailable conservatism he combatted socialistic tendencies, and strove for civic advancement through well bred committees of which he was invariably treasurer. In this capacity he was efficient, and when, later on, he resolved to devote himself entirely to politics, it was with the declared intention of introducing business methods into that somewhat hazardous game. To a certain extent he was successful; but in a purely material way he never seemed to get anywhere. I used to wonder, before I knew him, why he ever kept at it. I know him now, and it seems no less remarkable.

It was in 1912 that my friend became a national figure, with a name that was generally familiar. In 1912 he suddenly became a radical —that is to say, he didn't want to see his side disregarded in a convention. It has always seemed to me a curious twist of psychology that mere defeat on a roll-call gave him a sense of oneness with the proletariat and a fierce desire for social justice. Almost overnight he reconstructed his conceptions of progress and order. With the last glimmer of hope that a stubborn political group would surrender, he suddenly awoke to the splendor of popular rule and the possibilities of being modestly ordained for something. In the ardor of rushing to covenant with the people he threw an elaborated club-consciousness to the winds. It was a stupendous face-about; I remember wondering, at the time, whether it was a sincere one. It seemed almost incredible that a man whose philosophy had for years been creeping through a little slot with a ticker tape could so spontaneously and so thoroughly appreciate the demand for a workmen's compensation measure. Even a possible secretaryship seemed inadequate to work the reform, or to compensate the reformer for the good-natured chaffing his friends would give him when they learned he was supporting a minimum-wage bill. But that was before I got to know him. Partridge was no cold-blooded hypocrite. I am sure, now, that he was honestly convinced a minimum-wage law might be a very good thing indeed for the poor.

For Partridge the pleasure of politics was psychologically the pleasure of having read the book and knowing how the third act was going to end. To be sophisticated where others were credulously apprehensive was the sport he found in playing the game. He liked to go behind the scenes and watch them put a red lamp under the cardboard contrivance that the populace would think was a log fire. There was zest for him in the committee room—not the zest of going in to debate a vigorous proposal, but the zest of coming out occasionally, with the crowd looking on, whispering a few words to those nearest the door, and then going in again—all done with a fine air of having himself perfectly in hand. He liked to pull the strings —not to get something for himself, but for the sheer joy of moving his fingers. To know what resolutions would be drafted into the platform, what candidate would be chosen for governor, which turkey would be killed for Thanksgiving—that was the reward he sought for his efforts.

I suppose that Partridge's eye, when it wasn't rolling in reticent suggestiveness, was fixed approvingly on Disraeli. He liked the slightly theatrical effect of holding the key to the situation. If you brought him news he thanked you for it, and smiled—smiled so that you were fully aware he had a much fuller account of it by telegraph, earlier in the day. His relish for cutting across-lots, even in the wrong direction, made him wish to be known as an astute observer. Occasionally he overdid it; I don't believe he ever saw a weather report without unconsciously attempting to read between the lines. Matters hopelessly involved delighted him. He liked to be the one person astute enough to point a way out. If his way out proved, as I confess it frequently did, to be only a way farther in—so much the better; it meant new scheming. He was the only man who compromised when there was no need for it, compromised for the very love of the act.

They used to say that Partridge wanted power, that behind his programs of social justice lay an inordinate desire to rule. But if Partridge wanted power, it was only as a small boy wants a burn on his finger. There is pain in the getting of it, but a sweet recompense in having the populace say: "There goes the boy with that awful burn on his finger." So Partridge enjoyed knowing that the hotel clerk's eyes were dilated in admiration while the ink of his signature was still damp, and that before he left the elevator every bell-boy in the establishment would know that a president-maker was stopping on the eleventh floor. Unfortunately, to foster this tradition, Partridge was not always discreet. He found that being considered astute implied letting people know that he had something to be astute about. He always disclosed the fact that he had a secret, usually the secret itself. This he did so naturally that he

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would have denied it afterward. It came almost as a reflex action, an instinctive desire to make felt the gravity of his newest experience.

What has puzzled many people is that a man so willingly voluble was able to achieve the success which Partridge had won in business. To me it does not seem strange. His financial secrets were big secrets, but they were drab, and their telling had little drama. Often, indeed, Partridge secured a tactical advantage by showing his hand. It was an up-to-date method of forcing a compromise, and one that Partridge considered worth introducing into politics. He found that those who played the new game were willing enough to let him show his hand. They inspected it with great care and, if he kept it there long enough, jotted down a complete memorandum of it. But of their own hands Partridge remained in ignorance. It was a new game and Partridge, I suspect, didn't realize it. He made the old passes, but the new crowd preferred hand-shakes to legerdemain. That is why, perhaps—while you can become a copper magnate without ever seeing a mine—the best way to become a politician is to start on a soap-box. "Any man," Partridge used to say, "who has sweated on a soap-box, talked himself hoarse in a saloon, and slept in a cheap hotel—making a campaign for county constable—can lead the American people." And the curious thing was that he meant it pessimistically.

Partridge is still in politics. I have never been able to prove my theory that he isn't a mere office-seeker because he has never aligned himself with a successful party. He has just gone down to defeat again. I saw him occasionally in the course of the campaign, and each time there was the same enigmatic smile, the same shuffling of telegrams and important-looking letters, in search of a visiting card that I knew and he knew was in another pocket. I hope, for his own satisfaction as well as for a demonstration of my theory, that he will some day be on the victorious side. I can't believe that his weakness in betraying secrets is the reason why his side always loses. For, with the exception of being the only person who knows that he really hasn't any secrets, Partridge hasn't a secret to his name.

ETHAN THOLE.

Poetry Under the Fire Test

MASON was a classmate of mine at a little college in the Mississippi valley. After graduation, he went west and I east. We corresponded for a year, but afterward stopped writing altogether, as the best of friends and classmates usually do. When I had last heard from him he was traveling for a lumber concern in Seattle, a business wholly unsuited to one of his temperament. Therefore, when I met him in Paris six weeks ago, in the uniform of a British soldier, although it was something of a shock, it was nothing in the nature of a surprise. Anyone who knew him intimately could have predicted that the humdrum of business life would bring about a violent reaction of some sort. The war came opportunely, and Mason, who must always believe violently in something, made common cause with the Allies, and although he is an American, went at once to England, enlisted as an Englishman, and has been at the front now for fifteen months.

This much I learned as we stood, blocking pedestrian traffic, on the Boulevard des Italiens. He told me more of his story that evening at a restaurant near the Beaux Arts. By the time the coffee was brought in, he had related a great variety of experiences; but they were all of the usual kind, with which everyone is familiar by this time. I had remarked upon this. Trench warfare, I said, must be endlessly monotonous. It seemed to give men a peculiar cast of mind, so that they saw and felt and thought alike. Apparently all their adventures were of the same kind. And then I flippantly suggested that it was "up to" them to have new ones.

Mason laughed. "It is true that the stories we tell you are all of a kind. The others are too personal, yes, and too sacred, many of them, to be passed about among the idly curious. We have been through the crucible, and our theories, religions and philosophies with us. If we are not learning new truths, then we are discovering old ones in a way that is impossible for you."

"For instance?" I suggested.

He hesitated for a moment, and then he said, "Well, don't expect any second-hand thrills. There is nothing stirring in this experience. But it is an odd one, and interesting, I think; and what's more, it is true.

"It happened near La Bassée during the advance of September, 1915. You remember, the British lost 60,000 men, chiefly at Loos. It was a badly managed affair. The facts will come to light some day no doubt. We were in it from the beginning and had lost nearly half of our effectives. Fortunately there was a temporary lull in infantry operations, while positions were being made ten-

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able, the wounded cared for and fresh troops brought up. The dead, both ours and theirs, were lying in heaps just over the parapets of the captured trenches. The trenches themselves—oh it's useless to attempt describing them. Try to picture the place for yourself. Our artillery had dumped hundreds of thousands of high explosives on them before the beginning of the assault; and afterward the Germans 'were getting their own back,' as the men say. Such forbidding and ghastly desolation would have been thought impossible before the war. And bodies everywhere—I spare you the details and the sickening odor of lyddite always present. On a rainy October night—well, there are pleasanter places to be than in shell-wrecked trenches, before the burial fatigues begin work.

"It was about two in the morning and raining hard. I was returning to our first line after a weary journey to a field dressing station, nearly a mile in the rear of our new positions. The old communication trench was nearly a foot deep in water and I was floundering along falling down every few yards, cursing out loud to myself in a manner which one soon learns out there.

"There had been a tremendous din of artillery fire during the early part of the night, but gradually it had died away, and as I splashed along my solitary way only a few of the heavies were at work, the shells rushing over like the sound of wind in naked trees, to be followed by a subdued, rending roar and silence."

He stopped speaking for a moment, and puffed slowly at his cigarette. Then he continued:

"I had completed about half of the return journey when I saw, or rather fell into, a short sap leading off from the communication trench. It was evidently the entrance to a dugout, for a border of yellow candle light framed the waterproof sheet hung over the doorway. I stopped for a moment, very sorely tempted to intrude, and then reflected that so isolated a burrow must belong to some member of the brigade staff. It was too far back of the lines to be used by any of the men. Therefore, being a 'ranker'—I was a private then—I remained outside, watching the rain driving across that cheery beam of light, thinking of the people at home, all comfortably in bed, and calling myself all kinds of a fool for leaving my prosaic but comfortable billet in the lumber trade. And then, during one of those blessed intervals of silence, between shell explosions, I heard someone in the dugout speaking, or rather reading aloud. What, in the name of all that is wonderful, do you suppose he was reading?"

I waited without speaking. Mason looked about him carefully. The restaurant was practically deserted. The lights in the large chandeliers had been extinguished, and the room was in darkness except for the tiny shaded lamps on a few scattered tables. He leaned back in his chair.

"Now think yourself into the situation," he said. "Remember, it's raining. The water is running in streams down your ground-sheet which is thrown over your shoulders. You are standing in a trench knee-deep in muddy water. Furthermore, you are in a highly overwrought nervous condition. Scores of the men with whom you have been living for more than a year, some of them the best of friends and comrades, have been killed or maimed within the week; and to make matters worse, you have not had an hour of uninterrupted sleep in four days. You have stopped just outside a dugout, and suddenly you hear someone within, reading aloud. These are the words:

> Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
> My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
> Of bright aerial spirits live insphered
> In regions mild, of calm and serene air;
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth, and with low-thoughted care,
> Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,
> Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
> Unmindful of the crown which virtue gives
> After this mortal change, to her true servants
> Among the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

Mason waited expectantly. After a moment of silence he said, "Well, what did you do? What was your reaction?"

"That's hardly fair," I said; "You are asking too much of me. But I think I lifted the flap over that doorway, and requested the fellow in the sacred name of Poetry to stop; to leave off until the war was finished."

"Do you really mean it?" said Mason. "Do you honestly think you would have done that?"

"Yes, either that, or I should have put my hands over my ears and come away. Poetry, least of all 'Comus,' would not have appealed to me under the conditions you describe. I should want to forget that there was such a thing as beauty in the world if I were a soldier. Otherwise the life would be unbearable."

"That's interesting," said Mason, "very interesting! Do you know, I have met several men at the front who feel just as you do? But that is going ahead of my story. I was affected in a wholly different way. I realize that it is an awful confession for a soldier to make. Nevertheless, let the truth be spoken: I began to cry like a great baby."

"You were living on your nerve. Fagged out, I suppose?"

"Great Scott, no! My behavior was not due to physical causes. Why, I had not cried since I was a lad, and many and many a time, during those

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months in the trenches, I had been tired out, both in body and spirit. No, I cried for pure joy. You say that you would want to forget that there was such a thing as beauty in the world. Well, I had forgotten. My old life before the war was like a cast-off garment which I had forgotten that I had ever owned. The life of soldiering, of killing and being killed, of digging trenches and graves, seemed to have been going on forever. Then, in a moment—how is one to tell of such an awakening?—I felt as the ancient mariner must have felt when the body of the albatross slipped from his neck and fell—how does it go?—'like lead into the sea.' What I am trying to make clear to you is this: without realizing it, I had lost my belief in all beauty. During all those months I was vaguely aware of the lack of something, but I didn't know what it was. It is impossible to think of that time now without a shudder."

"Tell me about the chap in the dugout. What was he like?"

"That's the odd part of the adventure. I didn't see him. As a matter of fact I forgot all about him until the next day. This will seem very strange to you, no doubt; but you have never lost your most profound beliefs and convictions without knowing it until the moment when you found them again. Remember that. It explains the tears of joy, and why I fairly danced along that muddy trench as though I were walking on air.

"This adventure marked the beginning of what I think I may call a new epoch in my trench experiences. The seasons of fearful depression which I used to have were past and gone, although the life was just as wretched as before. At night, as I stood on sentry, I would recall the fragments of poems I knew in old days. I wrote immediately to friends in London, who prepared for me a little trench anthology of the poems I liked best. You have no idea what a comfort they have been. I've put them through the fire test, and they have withstood it splendidly."

"I should like to know what they were," I said.

He handed me a small booklet in soiled paper covers. Loose leaves from books of various sizes had been sewn together in a compact little volume which fitted nicely into the pocket of his tunic. Among others he had "Kubla Khan," "Comus," "The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," all of Keats's odes and "The Eve of St. Agnes," Shelley's "Alastor," Henley's "London Voluntaries," and some nineteenth-century sonnets out of an edition edited by William Sharp. There were several poems by Francis Thompson. I was rather surprised at this, for I had never considered Thompson a soldier's poet. I asked Mason how he happened to include him. For answer he took the volume and read the first stanza of "The Poppy":

> Heaven set lip to earth's bosom bare
> And left the flushed print in a poppy, there.
> Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came
> And the hot wind fanned it to flapping flame.

"You haven't stood on sentry day after day, watching the poppies growing in No-Man's-Land," he said. "And listen to this from 'The Cloud's Swan Song.' It has in it a touch of the inevitable pessimism of Youth, to be sure; but what poet, in four lines, has spoken truth so beautifully of Keats and Shelley?

> I thought of Keats who died in perfect time,
> In predecease of his just-sickening song;
> Of him who set, wrapped in his radiant rhyme,
> Sunlike in sea. Life longer had been life too long.

"We have no need of war verse in the trenches. What we do need is something which will take our minds off the horrors of modern warfare, after the strain is relaxed."

"Do you mean to say that all of you fellows out there are finding solace in poetry?"

"Certainly not. I merely give you my own experience. But you would be surprised if you knew how many other men do find it essential. Since that night in the communication trench I've been making inquiries, very cautiously of course, for it would never do to let some of the men know that one has such aesthetic tastes. Recently, I met a sergeant major whose experience, slight as it was, bears out splendidly this one of mine. Once, he said, when he believed that he was on the point of a nervous breakdown, he remembered suddenly two lines from Shakespeare:

> Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund Day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

"I may have quoted incorrectly, although I think I have it straight. The effect upon him, he said, was really miraculous. His battalion had been in the first line continuously, for two weeks, and had suffered heavy casualties. At night every sandbag in the parapet had appeared to be a distorted human countenance. The men who are killed in the trench are placed on the parapets, you know, until there is an opportunity to bury them. He was in a bad way, but those two lines saved him. They called to his mind a picture of some place which he was sure that he had never seen, but one of such great beauty that he forgot the horrors of the trenches. They became a talisman to him, offering just the relief he needed in times of great mental strain. Another fellow, a man of my own

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company, found this relief by repeating Hood's sonnet on Silence. You remember it?

> There is a silence where hath been no sound,
> There is a silence where no sound may be;
> In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea,
> Or in wide desert where no life is found.

"It's one of the finest sonnets in the language, to my way of thinking; but imagine a soldier repeating those lines to himself, under shell fire! Odd, isn't it?"

"Odd? That is hardly the word. If anyone but you had told me of it, I should have said that it was extremely improbable."

"My dear fellow, that is simply because you have never had occasion to put poetry to the test of fire. Come out and join us! It is worth all the hazards to discover for one's self that Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty. Yes," he added, "by Jove! it is worth it!"

JAMES NORMAN HALL.

Otto the Just

WHEN Otto went out to dinner, he talked of many things, but the principle which governed his conversation was unalterable. Otto always began with a heresy and arrived at a platitude. His approaches were dangerous, novel, even startling, but when Otto had reached his conclusions they never failed to win the approval of Albert's father-in-law. This procedure of Otto's by which he wandered in the wilderness but always in the end cuddled up in the center of his class satisfied two conflicting elements of his nature. Otto was not a banker, broker, or a lawyer, but a scientist. The day long Otto used his mind as freely as he knew how. Evenings and week-ends he spent with those who not only knew how to run the universe, but contrived somehow to run it, and the problem of Otto's leisure was to retain the feeling of independence and never to risk the danger of nonconformity. The skill with which he handled the problem held the admiration of all who understood that when Otto talked so blandly and so well, Otto was addressing not only the gentlemen present but his own conscience too.

For example. Otto's knowledge of European history did not begin with the twenty-fifth day of July, 1914. His knowledge of what had occurred since that date was not gathered entirely from the New York *Tribune* and those Americans who had spent two days and a half visiting the Sector of Verdun as the guests of the French General Staff. Otto realized that the intrigues of the Balkans, the Near East and Morocco were dim but weighty elements about which he did not know enough to be absolutely sure. But Otto realized at the same time that however much he might wander in the valley of doubt, at some moment before the men rejoined the ladies he had to set Albert and his father-in-law free from the burden of indecision.

So a typical dialogue would run as follows:

Albert the Male: I won't be satisfied till every German has been killed and the Kaiser has been exiled to St. Helena.

Otto the Just: The Germans are a wonderful people and universal military training has done wonders for them. They're not too proud to fight, and where would they be if they didn't have a great army? A nation must either expand or die. It was a great mistake to block them in the Balkans, they're such an efficient people. The world has no use for the weak—only the powerful have a right to rule.

At this point Albert and his father-in-law grow uncomfortable, their open-mindedness strained to the breaking point. Everything Otto has said sounds all right, but where is he leading them?

Otto the Just: But aren't the French magnificent?

Albert, whose knowledge of France is limited by the arc of a circle whose center is the Ritz-Carlton and whose radius is the mobility of a Parisian taxicab, feels as if he had come home again. After all Otto did not mean to praise the Germans.

Otto has a great reputation for being in favor of laboring men. He says openly at dinners that there is something radically wrong with the present distribution of wealth. He is also a great believer in unionism. But it is no accident, I have come to believe, that Otto always begins by upholding the unions, and just before the men rejoin the ladies, utters an emphatic, red-blooded condemnation of the particular union which Albert's father-in-law has mentioned. Otto is also a great believer in democracy, and this always makes Albert uncomfortable for a while, because Albert has reached the opinion that what America needs is a ruling class. Otto is rich, not so rich as Albert's father-in-law, but rich, and Otto's monologue on democracy is well established by this time. It runs something like this: I believe in democracy. I believe in sacrifice and obedience. The American people are getting too rich. They're positively rolling in wealth, becoming fat and prosperous. Now I believe in peace but it's because of this materialism that there are so many pacifists. Therefore what America needs to pull it together, to teach it sacrifice and obedience, to give it spiritual outlook, is first of all universal service and then a war. How are you going to teach the workingman who is earning five dollars a day patriotism unless

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you give him a stake in the country, and how can you have democracy without this?

The interesting thing about Otto is not whether his approaches and his conclusions are right or wrong. It is that an invisible power compels him to reach the same conclusion as Albert and his father-in-law. Otto has a mind, and knows how to use it, but the terminus of his thinking is always predetermined. Whatever the road he enters, no matter how daring the path he pursues, at the end before they rejoin the ladies, Otto must reach the point which Albert and his father-in-law have attained by no mental effort whatever. H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

Future Suffrage Policy

SIR: Will you kindly explain how the results of the recent election justify your editorial advice to the National Woman Suffrage Association either to revise its non-partisan policy or "to leave the field clear for the Congressional Union and concentrate on state campaigns"?

I cannot imagine any process of reasoning that would lead to the conclusion that the anti-party "*Realpolitik*" of the Congressional Union has proved a brilliant success in this election. The "*Realpolitiker*" went West with the avowed purpose of defeating Mr. Wilson and the other Democrats because that party had failed to pass the federal suffrage amendment. Their plan was to accomplish this by means of the votes of the 4,000,000 enfranchised women or by such a fraction of their votes as could be corralled. The Congressional Unionists met with disappointment and disillusionment everywhere. Instead of inflicting humiliating defeat upon the President, the women of the West voted in unprecedented numbers and calmly reëlected him. Whereupon Miss Paul, cheerfully irrational and quite undaunted, expressed herself as highly pleased with the result which she averred had "taught Mr. Wilson a lesson!" What in heaven's name did she suppose the election had taught Mr. Wilson? He had been oratorically rebuked beforehand, of course, but he is used to that, and can no doubt stand a little additional scolding and threatening as long as nothing comes of it. I doubt if he feels at all chastened by what the campaigning women did *to* him. My only hope is that he is duly grateful for what the women voters of the West did *for* him.

To be sure, the election did show what almost everybody knew beforehand, namely, that the votes of 4,000,000 women or of 1,000,000 women or an equal number of any other kind of votes could swing an election if properly distributed. The only difficulty is to get the votes on the side toward which you wish the election to swing instead of on the other side, as happened this time. It is especially difficult with women voters, since the majority of them have so far preferred to remain independent in politics.

The problem of the woman voter is far from being so simple as Miss Paul and the other "*Realpolitiker*" conceive it to be. This year the foreign policy of the government, and particularly the question of intervention in Mexico, seemed more important to our western woman voter than Mr. Hughes's indorsement of the federal amendment. Were these wives and mothers to vote to send their husbands and sons into Mexico to "pull Mr. Hearst's chestnuts out of the fire," as they say on the coast, or were they to vote for the continuance of Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy? We must remember that women voters are wives and mothers as well as "*Realpolitiker,*" and this fact undoubtedly influenced their decision. There are other questions more local but still important for the woman voter to decide. Perhaps in her congressional district she had to choose between a corrupt machine Republican who stood for everything she happened to abhor in politics and a progressive and independent Democrat. Was she to vote for what she abhorred? Or, perhaps, like a certain white-haired woman voter whom I happen to know, she had spent her life working for temperance. It would be expecting a great deal of her to ask her to vote for a wet candidate simply because his party had not "blocked suffrage."

Whatever their reasons for voting as they did, it is evident that the western women preferred to do their own thinking. If they had been easily fooled by a measure of campaign expediency, which is all Mr. Hughes claimed his indorsement of the federal amendment to be, they might have voted differently. Possibly they also remembered that the Republican candidate repeatedly asserted that a President's function should be administrative and not legislative, which assertion made his indorsement of the federal amendment almost meaningless.

Thus the Congressional Union's campaign to defeat Mr. Wilson was a dismal failure, and Miss Paul would do well to acknowledge this frankly instead of trying to confuse the issue. Furthermore, her campaign failed in spite of large financial assistance and most generous publicity on the part of the Republican papers of the country. One cannot help wondering if money and publicity would have been forthcoming so easily had the Republican party been under fire instead of the Democratic party.

Now is the time for all defeated parties to study the lessons taught by the election. If the Congressional Union will engage in such a study, they will see the wisdom of returning to the hard work and close organization required to win one or two large eastern states, thus obtaining a little more "leverage" in Congress before going in exclusively for limelighting in Washington and the "short method" of the federal amendment. Also they may well follow the example of the National Association and allow the western women voters to solve their political problems in their own way. These women have most able leadership and can be trusted, I believe, to help enfranchise women in the East when the opportunity comes.

ELIZABETH H. BROOKS.

Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

Ex Cathedra

SIR: The answer to E. M. Allen's speculations in THE NEW REPUBLIC of November 11th is to be found in any penny catechism. If he asks the next little Catholic boy he meets when the Church speaks *ex cathedra* he will be told that it is when the Pope uniting with the College of Cardinals proclaims formally the definition of doctrine. When Pius X condemned modernism, he was not speaking *ex cathedra.*

The formal *ex cathedra* definitions of the Roman Catholic Church are matters of documentary history, ascertainable by a test so simple that little boys recognize it.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

South Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

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After the Play

IT is the part of friendship to be easily alarmed. When the Washington Square Players moved from the Bandbox Theatre to Broadway the sympathetic person shook his head. The Bandbox was out of the way, but the Players had had two profitable seasons there and a third success was assured. It was risky, venturing into the Broadway district. There was the risk of trying to fill a larger house, the risk of being more apparently "regular," of losing quality by increasing the scale. The Bandbox was unique, and it had that smallness which appeals to everyone's protective instinct. It was a baby among playhouses and people were thrilled to see the little thing actually walk and talk. But the Washington Square Players must have felt rather tired of their own cuteness. They must have yearned to get away from the nursery warmth. Without a larger success they could not make the experiments they wanted to, and there was an obvious limit to the opportunity the Bandbox could afford. Small as the Comedy really is, it first of all gives a chance of margin over expenses. That margin is necessary to development, and a thirst for development the Players have. A little flushed with their achievement they may have been. They had dared a new kind of theatrical enterprise in Manhattan and happily survived. But it was not mere elation at their career in the Bandbox, or conviction of manifest destiny that induced them to try Broadway.

Good as these surmised reasons were for moving, the Washington Square Players invited more serious criticism in their sustained venture, and that criticism tended to be severe. No one whose hopes were pinned to the independent theatre could be exultant over them. They were quite right to seek larger means of development, but they needly sadly to create confidence that they had fine ends in mind. Their acting, it became insistent, was open to criticism. The very grammar of the profession, voice and gesture and the illusions of make-up and of lighting, had been approximated rather than mastered. Beautiful performances there were, frequent flashes of individual talent and a few glints of more than talent, but the playing asked continually for an indulgence which could only be guaranteed if there were more and more instances of artistic single-mindedness, of grave intention and inspiration and taste and charm. The pasteboard shine and stiffness of Miss Florence Enright, for example, raised the demand for compensation pretty high, and she was only one of many thinly-finished players. And outside the acting there were repeated signs of inadequacy. The Players sought to bring off a success on every bill by being unconventional in a mechanical way. Their triteness about marriage had, perhaps, adolescent sincerity, but they were so often satisfied to say again what had been more brightly said before. These efforts to be mundane were peculiarly Manhattan. They soon had the staleness of things too conspicuously up-to-date. They gave an impression of imitativeness, of Shaw and Schnitzler watered down. Somewhere, perhaps among the productive managers themselves, there was a leniency about this kind of amateurish playwright which no organization could hope to support. A Saint George armed with a blue pencil was needed to attack these complacent productions, a Saint George who came impartial from outside, because the constant repetition of these defects was more than anyone could stand. A new bill became a rather depressing prospect. An evening at the Comedy Theatre became like an evening of duty with relatives, relatives in whom one had worn a groove, relatives who took one through the country of their souls on a parched and narrow permanent way.

These grounds for disappointment are certainly not absent from the latest bill. Miss Susan Glaspell's "Trifles" has no New York glitter about it, but it was made according to a formula for impressiveness in farmhouse humanity, which is only a little less trite. "Another Way Out," by Lawrence Langner, was a fair specimen of the Washington Square specialty, the representation of an unreal Bohemia for the pleasure of tickling the Manhattanese, though the brisk book agent came near redeeming the play. A much cleverer satire, "Altruism," by Karl Ettlinger, ended the bill. It was doubly amusing for its Arrow-collar American in Paris, as this satirist of the boulevard sees him, and the professional beggar gave the satirist an opportunity which he wittily seized. This one-act skit had the right quality but the full triumph of the bill, of the actors and of the management and of the enterprise as a whole was the Japanese tragedy, "Bushido." Here, though not for the first time, the Washington Square Players consummated the performance of a great play. After all the paltry and trivial features of other performances, all the inadequacy of conception, all the failure to take seriously the opportunity that lies before sincere and single-minded producers in New York, the Washington Square Players reversed one's entire feeling about them and made one glow with admiration. "Bushido" is a single episode from an eighteenth century classic of Japan. It is an episode of the Japan of the ninth century, in which the central quality to be celebrated is the loyalty of two couples to the hunted son of the deposed chancellor Sugawara. The son, Shusai by name, is a pupil of the faithful Genzo, a schoolmaster in whose dainty and tranquil schoolroom the passionate drama is played out. A boy of the little patrician's age is brought to the school by his mother; soon after the schoolmaster arrives to tell his wife that the chamberlain and his guard are coming to demand the life of Shusai. His escape is impossible. So solemnly spaced and emphasized is this scene that the still terror of the boy's situation becomes as fascinating as the terror of a creeping fire. The same spacing is given to the arrival of the chamberlain and the demand for the boy. The demand is granted after a fashion and has in it depths of tragedy which only a cool and perfect arrangement could disclose. The wonder of the performance is the dignity which has been lent to it by the scenery, the sumptuous Japanese costumes, the tinctured translation, the formality and ceremonial of the production. Mr. Arnold Genthe and Mr. Michio Itow combined with Mr. Goodman and Mr. Pennington to bring about the result. It is so moving a result that it crowns with success the work of a company which has too often tried to reach effectiveness in empty exterior ways. "Bushido" is a play of fundamental human considerations. The Washington Square Players showed by its production where a limitless opportunity lies.

The limitless opportunity is not, naturally, the production of more Japanese drama. It is simply the production of drama which answers, as "Bushido" does, to emotional need. That need is not recognized on Broadway, or if recognized it is not understood. No man who caters to it understands it. It can only be met by dramatists and actors and managers who of necessity reach that pitch of intensity about the consequential which produced the lyrical "Bushido." Is this the rhetoric of Percy Mackaye? Undoubtedly it is and yet, like his, it conceals a truth.

F. H.

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Books and Things

IF I were reviewing Frank J. Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes" (Boston: Little, Brown & Company, $2.50 net), I should pretend to a great familiarity with his subject. "We are at a loss to understand," so I should feel bound to say somewhere in my review, "the principle upon which Mr. Wilstach has based his exclusions. We look in vain under the heading 'sweet' for that simile which Calverley has made familiar to every schoolboy:

> Oh, sweet—as to the toilworn man
> The far-off sound of rippling river;
> As to cadets in Hindostan
> The fleeting remnant of their liver—

Nor can we find, under either 'bare' or 'bears,' that comparison which has endeared itself to the hearts of such different judges as Algernon Charles Swinburne and the Reverend Henry Van Dyke:

> altogether down upon him
> Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North-sea,
> Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
> Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
> Down on a bark, . . .

For Mr. Wilstach's benefit, when he shall prepare his second edition for the press, we call attention to a couple of misprints. Otway was not the first to say, 'Wide as a church door,' nor was it Shelley who called something 'as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart.'"

As it happens, however, that I am not reviewing Mr. Wilstach, and am not bound to pull a learned face, I am free to say that his book makes me envy him the many pleasant hours which went to its making. Ever since I was thirty I have wished for an invitation to read for a dictionary, to copy illustrative quotations neatly and send them to a fire-proof storehouse. No such invitation has come my way, though I have been patiently hopeful. Mr. Wilstach, being an enterprising man, did not wait and wait, dependent upon others for his amusement. He invented his own game. For twenty years he has been reading far and wide, in English and in translations, his eye on the lookout for passages containing the words "as" and "like." He has not only looked. He has listened. You will find among his fifteen thousand similes a good many which came to him by way of his ears. "It seemed an endless undertaking," he says, "but I pursued the work with growing interest and delight. As my occupation during the intervening years took me back and forth from New York to San Francisco and hither and thither to all parts of the country, much of the work was done on railroad trains, and many an evening hour was spent in the libraries of Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, New Orleans, St. Louis and other cities." From the extracts he collected he has chosen the ones he thought worth while, as is the custom, disguised or undisguised, of all anthologists. And for the result he makes no claim to completeness.

"It is hard to find a simile when one is seeking for one." This is the motto of Mr. Wilstach's book, from George Moore, and I find it alarming. I fear Mr. Wilstach means his collection to be of use to writers and speakers who feel that the moment for a simile has come, and who can't think of anything. And my second fear is that they will use it, hundreds of them, in just this fashion. The prospect is infinitely disquieting to you and to me, who believe that no man ought to use a simile or a metaphor which he does not find for himself. I have a friend, a writer, whose pages are not free from quotations. Something in his use of these makes them sound not as if they had come into his head of themselves, at the suggestion of the context, but as if he had looked them up in Bartlett at almost fixed intervals. One day in his library I asked him about this, and he showed me, without shame, the largest collection of quotation books that exists outside a public library. In vain did I tell him that his method was the worst in the world, and that its mechanism was plain to be seen in his writing. He only smiled. "You'll be telling me next," he said, "not to use a dictionary of synonyms." Which was precisely what I was on the point of telling him. A man should find his own synonyms, I believe, his own quotations, metaphors and similes, just as he should find his own way to his mouth with a spoon. Reliance upon dictionaries is sure to betray him into wearing second-hand finery. It is such opinions as these which lead me to prophesy that Mr. Wilstach's book will be very popular and pernicious. Didn't George Moore mean to warn writers that similes were a gift from God?

It is possible, of course, to use Mr. Wilstach's book in such a way that the results will not be trite at all, but somewhat surprising. If you are going abroad, and consult Mr. Wilstach at the passport office, and describe your eyes as "fair as star-beams among the twilight trees," you will achieve an effect of novelty. So will the elevator boy who stops saying "going down," nakedly, and who shouts instead: "Descending! Like the spring whose breath is blending all blasts of fragrance into one." The weather man, predicting a day "fair as the fabulous asphodels"; the restaurateur, inviting us to come to his place and feast "like fiends upon the infidel dead"; Aunt Mary, newly arrived and telling little Harold that he has grown "like weeds on a neglected tomb"; the Congressman, saying he rises, "as ocean at the enchantment of the moon," to a point of order; the traffic cop, accusing the speeder of going "like some swift cloud that wings the wide air's wilderness"; the tailor, boasting his ability to fit customers "fat as a distillery pig" as perfectly as those who are "thin as Fraud"—all these persons might get out of the rut, and even well off the beaten road, by consulting Mr. Wilstach. And the born makers of simile, reading his book and finding specimens of their work, will be stimulated to activity.

Still, though I do not look for great change, as a result of Mr. Wilstach's labors of love, in the dialect of advertisers, policemen and weather forecasters, and although I do feel certain that those who steal from Bartlett will steal from this new dictionary, yet I believe there is a wholesome and depressing use to be made of Mr. Wilstach's collection. Let a writer or a speaker who finds an "as" or a "like" in his manuscript, or in the draft of his speech, look up his key-word and find out whether his simile is new, and if he finds it here let him remove the same. His writing will be barer after this operation, and its tint will be more nearly neutral, but it will also be more nearly his own. By this means he will avoid imputing to himself the saying that "a warring nation, like an orator, should know when to stop," for Mr. Wilstach will tell him that this figure has already appeared in The New Republic. Used in this way the "Dictionary of Similes" will prove as indispensable as your skin, as clean linen, as the majestic laws that rule yon rolling orbs.

P. L.

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Paul Claudel

The Tidings Brought to Mary, translated from the French of Paul Claudel by Louise Morgan Sill. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

IT is the gesture of Paul Claudel that sets him apart from the literary figures of our time. Astute man of affairs, consul in Boston and New York, in Tientsin and Fouchow, in Frankfurt and in Hamburg, where the outbreak of the war found him, authority on the economic situation in China, he comes to tell us once more that life lies in the search for beatitude. There are other Catholic poets. There are other Catholic poets in France. But the ardor with which Claudel has given himself to the search for God pales the Virgilian piety of Francis Jammes, makes the mystic sociology of the late Charles Péguy appear veritable Tolstoy and water. For Claudel, there is but one grand theme. It is the knowledge of God. That is the subject of his odes and of his dramas. One has to go back to Aeschylus to find another dramatist so preoccupied. And that impulse comprises the life of Claudel. As if to make bodily attestation that "la vision de dieu engendre la vie éternelle," he went into the exile of distant consulates, the Frenchman's bitter exile, to sink into himself. And through that sundering he came to self-realization and won his goal. The dramas he wrote during those twenty years of self-imposed banishment bear ample witness to the acuteness of the agony. Perhaps, like Mesa in "Partage du Midi," or like Sygne de Coûfontaine in "L'Otage," he was broken by the revelation. Perhaps, like the Chinese Emperors in "Le Repos du Septième Jour," he searched for God in the very realms of death. Only in "L'Annonce fait à Marie," the gorgeous play translated by Mrs. Sill, a new and tranquil light shines. The play brings tidings of the coming of God. "The face of the Father appears again on a world born afresh and comforted." Claudel has found beatitude.

Not until we remember how regularly French genius shifts from search for God through reason to search for God through faith, from the thought of Paris to the thought of Chartres, does Claudel become explicable. After Voltaire there came Chateaubriand. So, after Anatole France there comes Claudel. It is not by chance that he lays the scene of all his plays that take place in France in that triangle that lies between the cathedrals of Rheims, Soissons and Laon. Physically and spiritually he sprang from the soil out of which they arose. If that sinking into himself, characteristic of his work, constitutes an introversion, his art does not suffer from it. Rather more in it lies his very strength. To it he owes the tang of his style, the style of a cloistral Whitman, formed on the Greek and Hebrew poets, violent and exalted, and sown thickly with foreign and scientific terms which it has taken up into itself. Nor has it jaundiced his contact with life. The world revealed in his dramas is a poignant and vital expression, and at the same time soaked in his personality. In the array of proud lyric personages that he shows us working out their destinies and confronting the eternal truths, the poet has maintained a nice balance between the symbolic and the realistic. His art is indeed a product of that

> "fonction double et réciproque
> Par laquelle l'homme absorbe la vie, et restitue dans l'act suprême de l'expiration
> Une parole intelligible."

Without presumption, he can say,

> "Je connais toutes choses, et toutes choses se connaissent en moi.
> J'apporte a toute chose sa délivrance.
> Par moi
> Aucune chose ne reste plus seule, mais je l'associe à une autre dans mon coeur."

The thought of God is always associated in the mind of Claudel with the thought of renunciation of the world. His earliest drama, "Tête d'Or," the first version of which was written in 1889, when he was but twenty-one years old, reveals the cast of idea that was to dominate the entire work. The play tells the tragedy of a humanity without God, futilely seeking to possess the earth, and coming despairingly against the black wall of death. The overwhelming sense of mortality, the deep and abiding grief over a world that cannot be held which speaks in grandiose and pathetic, if uneven, accents from out his first play, is ever-present in the work of Claudel. But, in the twenty years that elapsed between the composition of "Tête d'Or" and of "L'Annonce," Claudel's vision became gladder while his art ripened. The note in the latter play is one of joyous resignation. For, he has learned that all that tears us from the love and hope of happiness here on earth, brings us nearer the one great happiness, the one great love, God. To all the people in the play, the knowledge comes. It comes to Violaine, the innocent girl smitten by leprosy, and taken from all human ties till "only the soul lives in the human body"; to her two lovers, who can never possess her here on earth; to the old man, Anne Vercors, who sets out from home and surfeit of joy on a lonely pilgrimage to God. Over them all, as over the leper woman in the scene of the miracle, the Heavens open. For Death and God are one.

> "Is the object of life only to live? Will the feet of God's children be fastened to this wretched earth?"

Claudel asks. And, in resignation, he adds

> "It is not to live, but to die, and not to hew the cross, but to mount upon it, and to give all that we have, laughing!
> There is joy, there is freedom, there is grace, there is eternal youth."

However little one agrees with Claudel's teaching, however little one admires his aristocratic and royalist bias, it is impossible to escape feeling how freighted with importance, not only for the Catholic community but for the entire age, his personality is. Nothing perhaps better demonstrates the quality of his genius. No doubt, there are those who will see in him only the Catholic Puritan who bases his "Art Poétique" on Thomas Aquinas, prays that he may not be damned with Hugo and Michelet and Renan, and anathematizes the heresiarchs Goethe and Kant and Nietzsche and "leur père à tous, l'apostat Martin Luther, qui est avec le diable!" They will doubtless enjoy the sly story, at present circulating in Paris, that Claudel's next book is to be written entirely in the Latin of the Church Fathers. It is a great pity that to many he will come no nearer, for Claudel's significance by far transcends his relationship to Catholicism. It is not, after all, to war upon heretics and infidels, Turks and Jews, in the theological sense, that he comes. It is rather more to force again upon the world the sense of the necessity of faith, to remind those people of whom Blake tells us that "they are not capable of a firm persuasion of anything," that without real conviction life is impossible. He

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comes to lead us back to the conception of life as a fervid search for the great reality. His own existence is the embodiment of his impulse. With a superb gesture he has brushed aside from his consciousness all that leads away from his high purpose. And, like those Chinese priests who refuse to sing before robing themselves in their sacerdotal vestments, he shows us once again that art is the handmaiden of God. In that lies his chief glory.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Lord Charnwood's Lincoln

Abraham Lincoln, by Lord Charnwood. Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

THE frankness and commonsense of Lord Charnwood's treatment of much debated matters in our political history may be illustrated by a passage relating to Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence. That was not a very candid state paper, he says, and the sentiments aroused for it afterwards by the popularity of Jefferson not wholly free from humbug. But the critics of the equality clause misconceive it. The proposition that "all men are created equal" is, he says, the easiest of marks to "unintelligently clever criticism."

> "It should not be necessary to explain, as Lincoln did long after, that Jefferson did not suppose all men to be of equal height or weight or equally wise or equally good. He did, however, contend for a principle of which one elementary application is the law which makes murder the same crime whatever be the relative position of the murderer and the murdered man. . . . There are indefinitely further ways in which men who are utterly unequal had best be treated as equally entitled to the consideration of government and of their neighbors. It is safer to carry this principle too far than not to carry it far enough. . . . He [Jefferson] imparted to the very recent historical origin of his country, and his followers imparted to its material conditions a certain element of poetry and the felt presence of a wholesome national ideal. The patriotism of an older country derives its glory and its pride from influences deep rooted in the past, creating a tradition of public and private action which needs no definite formula. The man who did more than any other to supply this lack in a new country, by imbuing its national consciousness—even its national cant—with high aspiration, did—it may well be—more than any strong administration or constructive statesman to create a Union that was worth preserving."

This view of Jefferson as a statesman does not in any way blind the author to his defects. He thinks there is truth in the portrait of a "burly fellow" and "good shot" who never gave a sign of wanting to strike a blow throughout the seven years of war that he had "heralded in" and of a dealer in philanthropic sentiments in public who privately was "vindictive and malignant." There is a keen sense of actuality in all Lord Charnwood's views of personalities, plenty of light and shade, and though a partisan his friends and his foes are never improbable.

His partisanship, candidly avowed at the start, is that of a believer in the ideals of a progressive, democratic national state, a hater of slavery, sectionalism and aristocratic pretension, and a lover of Lincoln. In short there is nothing in his central ideas to save his work from seeming as stale as many of his predecessors. What does save it is his method of approach and his manner of writing. As a foreigner he is not entangled in American legality and he can look at the Constitution, not as a sort of pattern of all governments, but as a "curious machine," with its balanced opposition between two chambers and with its independent executive, which had not "worked conspicuously better than other political constitutions." As a writer, possessed of certain native gifts, he can make familiar things seem new. He discusses no historical topic that does not in some way relate to Lincoln, but necessarily in writing for Englishmen as well as for Americans he covers rather a wide range in his explanations and summaries. The account of Lincoln's life is prefaced by sixty pages on the growth of the nation and the account of Lincoln's administration includes somewhat detailed consideration of the stages of secession, the conditions under which the war was fought, and the course of the war itself. The scope is wide, but the treatment is proportionate and there is the effect of unity throughout. There are mistakes such as any American student of history could have readily prevented had he read the proof, errors in names, and sometimes in matters of fact, as when certain aspects of the Dred Scott case are misstated, but for the most part having no effect on essentials.

He ranks Lincoln among the greatest men of our time, but he denies him any "frigid perfections," and he produces many concrete evidences of weakness. The view that he had all his virtues upon him when born he dismisses as absurd. His persistent self-training was wonderful, but after all there is an advantage in having to make the most of a few books, if they are good ones. "The few books and the great many men were part of one study." In his rough environment there was much to stimulate him. Though uneducated, and uncouth, he was from the first ambitious of ascendancy over others and had the gift that odd, shy people sometimes have for "using their very oddity as a weapon in their struggles." Lord Charnwood does not think it remarkable that in the conditions of equality that prevailed in a frontier community he should have found his way into political life at the age of twenty-five. He had an originality of mind not to be subdued, but it is idle to deny, thinks the author, that his early disadvantages left their mark upon him; that he lacked certain sound instructive perceptions in men or matters appears early in his muddled love affairs, and his judgment of men individually was often slow and dull. Of men in the mass and of individuals whom he thought it worth while to study his judgment was sound, but he lacked the ready sense of personal distinctions which, according to his biographer, men otherwise inferior derive from early social experience. As to the enormities so much remarked by genteel contemporaries, the queer clothes, the "preposterous gold-knobbed cane," etc., Lord Charnwood refuses to be serious. He was guilty of course of a "tragic misfeasance" in New York when he appeared with black kid gloves at the opera, but "in the city," says his biographer, "if it may be said with respect, there has existed from of old a fashionable circle not convinced of its gentility and insisting the more rigorously on minor decorum"; and he thinks that among educated Easterners generally there was a well bred indifference to these points. He cites Salmon P. Chase as an exception:

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> "Salmon P. Chase must have really been a good man before he fell in love with his own goodness. . . . . Those who read Lincoln's important letters and speeches see in him at once a great gentleman; there were but few among the really well educated men of America who made much of his lacking some of the minor points of gentility to which most of them were born; but of those few Chase betrayed himself at once."

He could be very unfair in his judgments of men, says the author, and as an instance he cites his harsh view of John Brown, towards whom Seward was far more just. Fanatics indeed, he adds, came the nearest to stirring him to unreasonable wrath. Perhaps the wrath would seem more reasonable to the historian, had he spent his life here and come in contact with certain breeds of fanatics that we have always produced largely. Our history abounds in people who value some china nest egg more than any egg that ever could be hatched, and when seen near-to these people are extremely irritating. They seem to be placed in the world as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the unattached moral principle, or as a sort of intellectual danger signal, a milestone on the way to paranoia. Life is no tangled web for them. Their moral existence is passed in a social vacuum. Lincoln in his day knew or felt many of these creatures, and any mature man since Lincoln's time is well aware of them. If a man wishes to push through some reform, he immediately encounters people ablaze with reforming zeal, who will reject one by one every means that will bring the thing about. Compromise is so repugnant to them that they will not compromise on any human means for gaining the object of their own desires. The weight of all this unintelligible world never troubled this moral gentry, as it troubled Lincoln. They were fortified by temperament to a degree that made them impregnable to many things which worried Lincoln almost to death. They were the sort of folk who would not have a man save the life of a nation lest in his course he might upset some legal or social ant hill.

It is evident that Lord Charnwood conscientiously stresses Lincoln's faults in order to correct his own tendency toward hero-worship. The author of this volume could not bleed himself so white that he could write like a scientific historian. He has quite surrendered himself to Lincoln's spell. Intellectually he is a robust progressive liberal modern moralist without one philosophic qualm, and he writes this book from the point of view that the way progress has taken is the way it ought to take and that the devil would have been to pay if its course had been altered. But his picture of Lincoln as an extraordinary, powerful, complex and charming personality is more convincing than that of any American historical writer whom the present reviewer, a desultory reader in that field, to be sure, has ever encountered.

In summing up after the war, he says:

> "This most unrelenting enemy to the project of the Confederacy was the one man who had quite purged his heart and mind from hatred or even anger towards his fellow countrymen of the South. That fact came to be seen in the South, too, and generations in America are likely to remember it when all other features of his statecraft are grown indistinct."

He lets you infer a contrast between Lincoln and the leaders in the present war in remarking that Lincoln carried through the bitterest of civil wars without letting fall a single word of hatred or reproach toward his opponents.

FRANK M. COLBY.

TIFFANY & CO.

PEARL NECKLACES
OF ALL SIZES

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Fiction as Reporter

A Strong Man's House, by Francis Neilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

WOULD such a sentimental play as Sheldon's "Romance" have been so great a success in London in any other than wartime? When events sway the mind of a nation and casualty lists are the first interest of the family in the morning paper, the function of popular novelists becomes more sharply than ever one of providing an imaginative release from the grimness of reality. Prettified stories in which the war is barely mentioned are relished in all the belligerent countries to-day. Only the very great dare touch the facts. For it is really too easy to dress up and dramatize the newspapers, to exploit events, to make fiction a glorified reporter. Unless some vision or insight or unfailing grip on human character illuminate and mould the purely contemporary novel, nobody except neutrals will read the book. People who suffer from it resent the war being used as "copy."

It is exceptionally fine copy for Mr. Neilson, who knows the value of melodramatic situations and is still adept at writing thrills from coincidence. The Right Honorable Sir Alfred Horton-Birkett, M. P., is a munitions maker before the war began. He honestly believes in armament as insurance, and when he starts an international firm with factories in Germany and Russia and the other continental countries, he thinks he has done a great stroke towards making the world's peace permanent. When the war does come, after his first stupid astonishment, he surrenders his soul to the government. He struggles against the adoption

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of poisonous shells. He is reluctant to accept conscription. From his son he learns how men are being thrown away by poor officers in those first few months of horror. Another son is blown to bits—as he later learns—by a German shell of his own make. This is the final straw, and he gives up his business. All his children have turned against him, even his wife, but he now knows a few days of peace before he is killed by a stray bomb from a Zeppelin. It is a tremendously interesting book to those neutrals who do not know the intimate reactions of the people who are under the curse. It is like reading last month's newspapers and having everything humanized by a skilled reporter—conscientious objectors, labor troubles, the Socialist party, the Irish problem. Fiction becomes an excellent tool of journalism.

Yet "A Strong Man's House" isn't cheap. It is saved from that by the genuine passion of the author against war, by his sense of its blind futility and waste. In "How Diplomats Make War" Mr. Neilson showed what hatred he had of the present anarchical international system. His anger against it almost swamps his novel. He has skill enough at his trade to differentiate his characters so that they have reality; he does not preach any doctrine too obviously; the situations, although melodramatic in nature, are handled with restraint. He set himself to do his job well and he has done it well. But underneath the outward story runs the stream of Mr. Neilson's idea. His excellent technique will deceive no one. "A Strong Man's House" is not a good novel by any artistic criterion. The march of events have captured its author's mind and heart.

H. S.

Recent Publications

America and the New Epoch, by Charles P. Steinmetz, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.

GERMANY has long since learned the secret of industrial coöperation; the individualistic nations of Europe are learning it under the lash of war's necessity; America still goes her careless, chaotic way. If we do not organize—and that promptly—when peace is declared, in a few years we shall find all industrial and financial leadership transferred to London and Berlin. We shall become like China, "a field of influence" to be parcelled out much as the Yellow Kingdom is parcelled out to-day. Nor is Mr. Steinmetz any too hopeful of our learning the lesson of "the new epoch" in time. We have little of the collectivistic temperament, and we should be suspicious of a commission and industrial form of government as monarchical. Racial feuds may increase the difficulty of the problem. Such, in brief, is the substance of the rather gloomy thesis the author advances in "America and the New Epoch." That big industrial nations must organize on a coöperative instead of competitive basis or perish is the underlying assumption, proved by rapid historical summaries and analogies and by a type of hard, Hegelian logic. Yet in spite of its lack of intellectual flexibility, in spite of its dogmatism and its unrealistic narrowing of the field of discussion to easily formulated issues, the little book has a few high qualities of thought. Mr. Steinmetz has said in over two hundred pages of generalization nothing crude or stupid. It is a trifle difficult to follow his rapid system of evolution—his way of making all historical periods labor pangs to the birth of the new child, industrial coöperation. And the pose of impersonality revealed in a sentence in the introduction—"We very soon find that there is nothing in this world which we can condemn, but that the attitude of mind of condemning one thing, approving another, is illogical"—gives an unfortunate bias to anyone writing on anything so human as industry. Nevertheless, the point of the book is sound enough, and to many of the large corporation class, where Mr. Steinmetz is said to be respected and have influence, "America and the New Epoch" may prove a healthy warning.

The World for Sale, by Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.35.

WE are tempted to construe Sir Gilbert's prefatory note, explaining that "The World for Sale" was written before the war, as an apology to his public by the author of "The Right of Way." Viewed against the stern background of present reality, this novel, though obviously written in all seriousness, shrivels into a trifling bit of make-believe, a snatch of high romance. And once we agree to accept it as such, who cares how inconsequential or conventional or unreal its elements are? The scene is the Canadian Northwest: in the foreground are throbbing industrial centers still in the awkward age; ungarnered prairies of gold intervene; in the background are deep woods, haunts of the Romanys, where gipsy fires flicker in the night. Chief among the characters is Max Ingolby, financier and master among men, always playing the game according to rule, lover of poetry and sunsets, who, reading love in Fleda's eyes, offers the world for sale "with the air of one discarding a useless thing"; his foil and rival in love is Jethro Fawe, coming to reclaim Fleda for the vagabond life she has deserted and stirring wild longings in her with the abandon and savage softness of his gipsy song. There is the giant gray-beard, Fleda's father, who is Ry of the Romanys, the leader of the world's nomads. And there is Fleda herself, who wants the white man's world and hates her own, but though hating "there's something about it that belongs to me . . . some other self in me which reaches far, far back into the centuries." Every element of romance is here to make the dreamland complete. After the war, if Sir Gilbert should decide to offer us a new picture of the peace life of the great Northwest, neither he nor we will be content with so meaningless, so tritely picturesque a spectacle as this.

God's Remnants: Stories of Israel Among the Nations, by Samuel Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35.

"HIS life would outwardly follow its appointed course, but his disembodied self would go wandering aimlessly, restlessly, searching through the infinities for the soul of him he had wronged." Chosen almost at random from one of the stories of the collection, this sentence forms the theme of the volume as a whole. In every country God's remnants are the Jews, abandoned by the world or abandoning their own. Each tale depicts the Jew as setting forth on a quest of glory, success, riches, love. By rejecting the past he gains what he wants. Then follows the tragedy of an awakened conscience: he hears the call of his people and unfailingly he reverts to type. There is something stern and unbending about the author's successful manipulation of the theme on its many variants. The very sameness makes for strength and power. In "The Riots" a husband plunges into death with the full knowledge that he could never live without his wife and that the call of her blood has become stronger than the tie which

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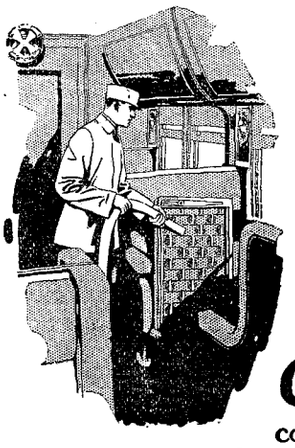

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binds her to him. In "Black Flame" a daughter foregoes the circus and the glamor of the ring in an attempt to forget the unspoken curse of her dead father; in "The Parting of the Ways" an adopted son renounces wealth and power and joins his true parents in the tortoise march of the exiles. It is not enough that the characters are purged in the fires of their own consciences; if so, the stories would all have a happy ending. Often the tragedy becomes twofold: after the personal renunciation, after the disembodied self, seeking the infinities, has found the soul he wronged, he faces the realization that henceforth he will be renounced by the world. Somewhat mercilessly, though perhaps not more mercilessly than life itself in Russia and Polish Prussia and elsewhere, the author drives home his point.

Told in a French Garden, August, 1914, by Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.

MISS ALDRICH has achieved that anomaly, a new kind of war book. It is one in which the war is taboo. The scene is a garden outside of Paris, the time August, 1914, the device classic. After the fashion of the Villa d'Este a cosmopolitan group shut out the horrors of invasion by the telling of diverting tales. These are spirited, full of the saving grace of romance and as varied as the company of summer pilgrims, which includes a doctor, a critic, a trained nurse and a divorcée. But it is the faithful psychology, the wordy inaction of the prologue that is arresting. Passionate theorizing by everybody about the origin and conduct of the war make this table-talk typical of the table-talk from Cape Town to Nome during those early weeks. "The Germans will never cross the French frontier this time. This is not 1870," predicts the critic, but the doctor knows better that "They are a great, a well disciplined and an obedient people." As in a familiar nightmare one recalls the "well posted economist" who explained to us for hours how Germany could not provision herself for even four months, and the "expert" demonstrating with pins the impossibility of a submarine campaign. Two years of undocumented speculations and squandered human forces press home, and when the miniature bedlam of the French garden is quieted by a modern Decameron no guest is more grateful than the reader. But this smooth conversion of waste energy into utility is bound to arouse a pang of envy and one regrets afresh that what is possible among small groups is impractical for nations.

Cecily and the Wide World, by Elizabeth F. Corbett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

MISS CORBETT'S is an American novel. Individualism let loose upon a happy family circle rampages wildly through about three hundred pages, sweeping the husband with a hygienic-reform mission in one direction and whirling Cecily, his wife, in another to earn a livelihood first, as stenographer, then as the owner of a luxurious tearoom. Eventually, after divorcing each other and each narrowly escaping a new marriage, they reëstablish the family unit, taking on the ballast of a third child. Miss Corbett's method of managing a plot is absurd, her climaxes too numerous, her logic faulty. But her women live. The flippant fashionable woman, the idealistic social-worker, the languishing lady, are her people. Her men, on the contrary, are heroic puppets. In this, and in the forcing of her situations, the novel is not a success.

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